TEN CENTS A COPY

Music in the 'Twenties, by B. H. Haggin, on page 1046

JUN -7 1930

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VI — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1930 — NUMBER 43

State Rights in Poetry

IT was not who was to be made Poet Laureate of England that was the real problem. Since John Masefield is the man, we shall remember his "Everlasting Mercy,"and his "September, 1914," surely the best poem in English inspired by the war, and we shall forget his rather dull variations on the Arthurian theme, and hope that, like Robert Bridges, he will stretch his eagle wings again, and soar out of middle age into another flight.

The great problem is to prevent the election of 48 poet laureates by the legislatures of the 48 American states. Several have already acted and other choices are said to be impending. Of course, if poetry and population had any relevance one to the other, there could be no objection. California (which has a poet laureate), New York (where Tammany and the Jewish intellectuals will fight it out to the inevitable defeat of the intellectuals), Pennsylvania (which will put poetry in the tariff bill when it has any), Illinois (whose nominee will be found living in New York)—all these great states compare favorably in size with the England of the first laureates. It is true that the have not promised the butt of sack which was the laureate's original perquisite, but once a laureate, literary tea, which is much stronger, would wash around him wherever he moved. But poetry and population seem to have no relationship whatsoever, once your poets are born. You cannot make more of them by increasing the census figures, and you cannot keep them on the reservation when once they get going. After Chaucer's day poet laureates were bound to stay in England because they could not follow their trade or sell their goods in the languages across the channel. It is true that Robert Bridges came to America, and Masefield lived here, but any British writer intelligent enough to be a laureate knows that the way to sell poetry in America is to publish it in England! But will the poet laureate of Kansas stay there?

* * *

Forty-eight poet laureates (and a few added for territories and possessions)! What a test case for competition! In rhyming, Tennessee, Delaware, Kentucky, Oregon, Illinois, Washington, Arkansas, Maine, Idaho have obvious advantages; New York (pork, fork), Georgia (Borgia), Ohio (So shy, O), Indiana (banana) seem limited; Massachusetts, Texas, Virginia, Mississippi are almost hopeless. In rhythm, the Indian names (except Connecticut) will be helpful, especially the Cherokee and Shawnee. But it isn't *matériel* that presents the difficulty. Poems lie implicit in the swells of Dakota plains as abundantly as in Robert Frost's New Hampshire; the low country of the Carolinas is a poem already, awaiting words. The obstacle is the elective system. Democracy, industrial or agricultural, breaks down when it comes to distinguishing the arts. For poetry must be simple (to follow Milton's definition) but neither too sensuous, nor too passionate, if it is to appeal to the legislator. Nor can it be original, for if it is original it does not seem to be poetry, not the poetry he learned in school and which forever after remains the Platonic ideal for him to which all new verse must conform. Poets aspiring to become poet laureates of sovereign states should learn how best to play variations on "The Village Blacksmith" and "Hiawatha," "Orphan Annie" and "If," "Thanatopsis" and "Locksley Hall." The first returns from laureate elections indicate that the formula works.

Two Epitaphs

FOR CLELIA, A SPINSTER

By BELLE TURNBULL

Pity her not so smugly,
  Mesdames, messires;
Marrow of dreams sustained her
  Small-bosomed years.
For women dead of surfeit
  Reserve your tears.

A LADY OF GOOD REPUTE

By MARGERY SWETT

Her virtue shall not here be told
In damning words above her;
Earth can so gently hold
Who lacked a lover.

This Week

D. H. Lawrence's Articles.
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.

The Bowling Green.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

O'Connor's Café.
By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Books of Special Interest.
Reviewed by KERMIT ROOSEVELT, O. W. FIRKINS, and FRANK CUNDALL.

In Dublin To-day.
By MARY MANNING.

The Reader's Guide.
By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER.

The Compleat Collector.
By CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS and GILBERT M. TROXELL.

The Phoenix Nest.

Next Week

Publishing in the United States.
By ALBERT JAY NOCK.

No, the American literati will approve of state rights in the poet laureateship only upon one condition; that the butt of sack (108 to 140 gallons—"Oxford Dictionary"), or the pitcher of wine which was given to Chaucer daily, shall be restored as the perquisite of state poetry, but multiplied in accord with the increase of real wages throughout the centuries. This has been roughly figured as ten to one from Chaucer's day to ours. Let each laureate have ten butts of canary (broached) a year, or ten pitchers of wine (poured) a day, and we will cheer for the forty-eight. Down with gin! Up wine! Up poetry!

America Indicted Again*

By HAROLD LOEB

AMERICA, owing to its provincial upbringing, to its late escape from parental leading strings, suffers from an inferiority complex. As usual this ailment results in uncouth bluster, in self-castigation, in self-consciousness. From the beginning Americans have felt it necessary to justify themselves. It is not enough for them just to be; they must also be something, something that the rest of the world could or should admire.

One consequence of this attitude has been the restless, unflagging energy which has forced a development unparalleled in rapidity. Another consequence has been a thirst for criticism which not only invites all visiting foreigners to say their worst, but inspires its own citizens, especially those who have had the advantage of a higher education, to scorn the American scene for phases peculiarly American, and to admire the European scene for phases not duplicated on this side of the Atlantic. Many benefits have ensued, too obvious to mention. Some harm has been done.

Critical studies such as "Middletown," statistical, analytic, and non-comparative, are not only instructive but definitely helpful as they induce self-knowledge. My suspicion that a similar analysis of a European town would make manifest conditions even more appalling, would, even if true, not take away from their value. When, however, America is judged and found wanting, as in Matthew Josephson's "Portrait of the Artist as American,"* from the viewpoint of artists enamored of the old culture, many of the counts, apparently most heinous, are merely statements of difference.

I am choosing Mr. Josephson's book on which to base my argument not because it is a bad book, but because it is an excellent book. Bringing an intuitive acumen and a gift for eloquence to a sympathetic task, Mr. Josephson has built up a forceful, instructive, and appealing document. He reviews, with well chosen quotations, the lives and plaints of some dozen writers in the literary tradition, that is to say, in the tradition inherited from Europe and since continued on both sides of the ocean. With remarkable congruity the writers chosen for examination have denounced the American "milieu." Are they justified? Is the "milieu" on this side of the Atlantic more hostile to artists than that on the other? Is their feeling of being out of tune with society normal for men of their vocation, or has industrialism, the so-called mechanistic age, made their lot harder than it used to be in the agrarian civilizations? Is "quasi democracy" a less fertile ground for esthetic creation than feudalism, theocracy, or monarchy? Mr. Josephson seems to believe that it is. I do not. I believe esthetic aims have always been secondary to the majority of any healthy population, and that artists, to whom they are primary, have usually felt themselves set apart from the salient human trends. In some ages they have compromised gracefully—ages, when not to have compromised would have meant destruction; in our age, when no great penalty is attached to non-conformity, literary recalcitrants enjoy returning the neglect, or insufficient appreciation, of society, with abuse. Which is quite as it should be. Their feelings are relieved, their victims are given pleasure as well as some slight benefit.

What are the counts against America? I shall

* PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS AMERICAN. By MATTHEW JOSEPHSON. New York: Harcourt, Brace. 1930. $3.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

use Mr. Josephson's words rather than those he has compiled from the late century as they are more general, being a summing up of charges rather than specific grievances.

"The immediate world about us is pretty thoroughly regulated against individual outbursts of passion or eccentricity." This accusation, frequently hurled against the present order, always astounds me. Are steel and concrete more binding on the imagination than mud, the electric switch more repressive than the plough handle? Is a chaos of contradictory faiths more constricting than a state-upheld true religion; are anarchic manners and customs more corrosive of individual expression than an accepted and ironclad code?

Obviously not. The poverty of art—if the present is poor in art—hardly comes from excessive regulation. Traffic lights do not bind the intellect or the emotions. The tension of American life stimulates rather than mitigates individual outbursts of passion.

"The commonest daily events suggest to us how completely human beings now live in masses." Is Mr. Josephson comparing the life of shoe clerks to that of fur trappers? Most human beings have been living in masses ever since they dared issue from the forests. The plan of old villages, the manner of life in the Orient, the streets of ancient cities, clearly demonstrate how much more mass-like was the existence of the average man in former epochs. "Now they are directed to the time of machines." The alarm clock is doubtless less poetic than church chimes or the rising sun, but hardly more imperious. One can, and sometimes does, turn it off. "How violently their natural emotions are altered and stamped out." It is to be doubted that subway riding stamps out natural emotions. I have often observed it to have an opposite effect.

"Under mechanism the eternal drama of the artist becomes *resistance to the milieu* as if the highest prerogative were the preservation of the individual type, the defense of the human self from dissolution in the horde." Even if we leave out of consideration the creators of skyscrapers, jazz, movies, and other popular expressions, and regard only those enamored of

by Mr. Josephson for review, Melville, Adams, Crane, Bierce, James, Hearn, have produced work of quality. That they would have produced better work if they had not felt themselves out of accord with their time is possible, though not certain. Obviously the lot of those who struggle against a trend is not easy. The lot of men, sensitive men, is never easy. Only, we hear all about it when a man's craft is letters.

* * *

"We turn rather to the belief that it was the abundance of liberty, the universal equality of conditions and motives that may have been most fatal" [to the artist]. Though marred by overstatement —conditions and motives are not equal in America or anywhere else—here Mr. Josephson is getting much closer to the mark. Liberty increases the difficulty of those who choose fiction for their medium. When there is a fixed, rigid society to study, fiction has a background, a protagonist against which the creator can throw individuals and watch them squirm. In America the battle of life is confused. An individual has comparatively little to fight against except economic bafflements and his own limitations. The striking point about this observation, this admission of liberty, is its utter incompatibility with Mr. Josephson's main thesis, that machines enslave.

"The American who labors within a human chain, who snatches in terror his forbidden liquor." In terror? Perhaps the excited flush of adventure is meant. "The American who accepts his opinions and his information from the radio receiver, the cinema, the bill poster, the press—this American is utterly unfit to understand the degree of human liberty which was enjoyed in the United States up to the days of the Civil War." But freedom of choice is liberty: liberty to choose, which is the only kind of liberty most minds are capable of. Once upon a time opinions were not suggested but were handed down from pulpits. Then the choice was limited. And the pulpit is still here for those who desire that sense of security cocksure authority gives.

"But the suspicion grows that the child [the machine] beyond control now menaces the parent [man]." Automobiles are conspiring to better their working hours, dynamos are crooning revolution, telephones are hot with sedition, blast furnaces are growling defiance of the law. It is odd, this modern fancy. Man has, at last, an obedient slave and he can't believe it.

Of course machines do not menace, do not enslave; machines free. That is their function. Millions of men have already been freed from degrading monotonous labor by their intervention, millions more are about to be freed. Machines have not yet reached their full development. Some men to this day turn levers, close hoppers, wield picks. But such men are gradually being replaced. It doesn't pay. A machine can do these things with less upkeep. It will not be long before most laborers will be engineers, men with oil cans watching, tending their beloved mechanical assistants. This is no dream, such men already exist. And as a matter of fact a machine is much more amiable, much more responsive to human attention, than an old-fashioned cow. How my Buick responds to a caress. How my radio quivers when a distant baton leaps.

Even when Mr. Josephson is disparaging Europe he speaks "of old Europe as a last resort of leisure, individualism, personal freedom, as a place of escape." Which it is, of course, for Americans with independent means, but for Europeans, unless they pick the small privileged class to be born into, society is a slave driver with a tough lash. The ignorant Bulgarian, German, even Frenchman, knows this; the educated American does not.

* * *

"How many personal liberties, graces, by comparison with elder Americans and gentler Europeans, have we been forced to relinquish?" Forced? None. Even our absurd sumptuary laws which, being applied from without, exert only a superficial restraint, are due to the panic of our conservatives over the chaos, the unprecedented liberty of Americans to live in all essentials as the fancy dictates. No force has been applied. Modern man has chosen to discard several antique graces, good manners, and so forth. He finds them boring. He prefers doing without such graces until he has time to invent new ones more suitable to the new times.

of ingenious airways, the development of social forms is felt to be toward an absolute and unified régime, toward collective rather than individual being." The reverse is, of course, true. American inventions have gradually destroyed formal dances, church services, carnivals, and other collective social activities. Jazz dancing, motor cars, radios, concentrated petting, and so forth are enjoyed by individuals, couples, and small groups. Collective play has been nearly ruled out of the modern scene. Mr. Josephson has confused organized effort for the sake of material ends with collective being. What is so individualistic as the modern apartment house! Each group of little closets hermetically sealed. I have had a neighbor for over a year. Thrice I have seen the back of his head. The front: never. Only at the anachronistic colleges and churches does a collective spirit feebly survive.

But enough examples have been cited to give the nature of the indictment. Several weak links in the argument already appear. America is accused of turning its citizens into automatons, of providing a fatal abundance of liberty. Both accusations cannot be true. By definition, automatons are not free. Yet not only Mr. Josephson but the majority of those who criticize our "mechanical age" fall into this curious contradiction.

The fallacy comes in assuming that a machine-tender tends to become machine-like. This is not so. Crude instruments, such as ploughs, saws, hand looms, and shovels, demand repetitive motions which can legitimately be dubbed mechanical. Delicate instruments, steam shovels, gasoline motors, generators, automatic looms, require a minimum of automatic motion and a maximum of cerebral reactions which train the so-called higher faculties of man. When everyone is accustomed to handling delicate machinery, mankind will have become more cerebral than it is today, when the majority of its units still get along with the brutalizing tools devised by primitive man.

The artist, concerned with esthetic rather than material values, is naturally affected by living among a people increasingly cerebral. His taste is vulgarized, in the original meaning of the word, or made precious; his energy stimulated, by having an expanded potential audience. Formerly only the few could be touched by things esthetic; the rest were too tired. Formerly only the privileged few had leisure; already the privileged are many. Formerly the distribution of an artist's work was limited mechanically; now it can be cast upon the ether for all who wish to hear. Formerly an artist had to appeal to some rich man's vanity or to some powerful corporation's interest. Now that the filling of leisure has become a serious practical problem, and the production of goods a relatively minor concern, the taunt of parasitism has even less excuse than formerly.

Another fallacy to which other critics as well as Mr. Josephson are devoted is to compare Americans, in mass, to special groups in other times and places. The culture of a small picked class in some European country is contrasted to that of the average American. This would not be legitimate even if there were no equivalent class in America; and though the American privileged class has, as a rule, little of what the European intellectual means by culture, it has an eagerness, a hunger for things esoteric, a humility before esthetic and social pretensions, which is as touching as it is auspicious.

To damn the present, by comparing it to some ideal, is too easy. If a specific time be chosen, the situation of the artist, whether he catered to church, to patron, to special public or to his mystic insight, does not appear to have been better designed for bringing out the best that was in him, than in our chaotic decade. As for the Europe of today—well, America is the Mecca of the European artist as well as of the European artisan.

True, the American boy who decides he is a poet is not carried into the market place and crowned with laurel. Nor is he ridiculed, once school is over, nor is he socially ostracized, nor do females scorn him for those of tougher brawn. Jobs, not too arduous, are often available, enabling him to obtain even forbidden liquor so that, in terror, he may drink: patrons, too, are sometimes procurable if he deigns to address them not too scurrilously, and hack work of a nature not too disagreeable has been known to provide enough to eat. Though not particularly encouraged

The novelist, the painter, the poet, the musician is regarded with awe as if a sacrosanct character pertained to his vocation. This has been hard on American artists who often take the superstition seriously and therefore expect as a right that the awe be converted into things material. When this conversion does not ensue, they complain. In Europe their wares would not be unappreciated, they assert. Perhaps. But statistics do not bear them out.

* * *

As Mr. Josephson approaches the end of his book, remorse, or a resurgence of his former convictions, suddenly alters the complexion of his thought. Forgetting his introduction and its eloquent denunciation of a civilization that only exists in the minds of those touched by persecution phobia, forgetting the long woeful tale of those writers who turned their backs on the ferment which is America, and haunted the shrines of the older, more urbane European cultures, he swings into a message of hope. "The salvation and the strength of artists," he says, "lies in their ability, hereafter, to incorporate themselves within the actual milieu."

What an astounding statement after all that has gone before! What a terrifying prospect if the milieu is as bad as Mr. Josephson has painted it! Salvation in becoming automatons, in relinquishing feelings, passions, separate identities? Besides, artists cannot *incorporate* themselves within their "milieu," although, for the sake of a living, they sometimes pretend to. More artists should, however, *immerse* themselves in their "milieu," which is probably what Mr. Josephson meant, and should not run away because their sensibilities are hurt.

Eight years ago, in Berlin, Mr. Josephson possessed a clearer vision. "The prospect of human activities in America is such a rich, twisted, bottomless thing that it is all we can do to segregate a few aspects of these activities. We must have poets who have dared the lightning, who have come to us out of the heart of this chimera; novelists who express for us its mad humor." So Mr. Josephson wrote eight years ago.

Implicit in this delightful rhetoric is a true under-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

standing of the basic function of art, as the medium by which man adjusts himself to his environment. The task of spiritually digesting the external world, of interpreting its phases in human form, of finding those inner harmonies which give value and color to life, has still largely to be done on this continent. As Malcolm Cowley puts it in a recent number of *The New Republic:* "Before man can feel at ease in any milieu, whether that of forest, plain, or city, he must transform the natural shapes about him by infusing them with myth. . . . I might say that this creation of myth has continued since the earliest times; that it is, indeed, a necessity of the human mind. . . . Our own myths, our values, must be renewed from generation to generation. They will so be renewed as long as artists live; they will be renewed in spite of the critics who cling to exiled legends and values long since dead."

For the artist, because of a mysterious twist inside his head, actually looks out of his own eyes. How astounding is the world thus viewed! What the average man takes for granted, the artist, and those afflicted with his temperament, wonders at. Because he cannot incorporate himself in his milieu, that is to say, look out of what Mr. Josephson would call collective eyes, but must see everything, or at least many things, through his own peculiar vision, to him values are visible which to others do not exist until an artist has pointed them out. Thus in ancient times flowers were made lovely, mountain ranges sombrely beautiful, the sky a protective ceiling or the dwelling place of mighty Gods. Impelled by their gift of eyesight, or hearing, or taste some cooks are artistic—they cannot rest until they develop a technique by which their gift can be given expression. By their efforts the world is made livable. Men of action change the outward face of things. Artists transform their significances, their inward meanings. Both act within the biological process by which living species adapt themselves to their environment.

European races have done good work along these lines. Before the Industrial Revolution man was fairly adjusted to the life enforced by his productive equipment. Then a technique, initiated by Bacon [illegible] the attainment of knowledge, stepped out of [illegible]s and living was transformed. The effect [illegible]t no man's threshold. Life for every individ[illegible]ll eventually be altered by this latest of revolutions unless its forces are leashed.

In Europe the change, up to the war, was slow. Farmers, many aristocrats, some of the craftsmen, continued to live as before. In loosely bound America, on the other hand, the revolutionary processes have had free scope. Man as a result finds himself spiritually unprepared in the midst of a new environment. Wherefore all this feverishness. The work of the artist, the infusing of this extraordinary environment with esthetic values, is still largely to be done. A thousand tasks beckon. Men of a conservative nature, terrified by the prospect, flee to the ends of the earth, to holes in the ground. But really are we not fortunate to be before so stupendous a task? How much better it is to have values still to be discovered, forms to be created, customs to be devised, than it would be to have been born in old China where we could hope only to perform perfectly the perfect plays of the last millenium.

Critics tend to put their emphasis on the wrong thing. Mr. Josephson, for example, has turned a searchlight on the crudities and poverties, supposed and real, of the American scene and has diligently collected the more eloquent cries of distress which these flaws have aroused. Undoubtedly an artist's indictment of an environment is of interest. However, one of the reasons that America has not produced a Swift or a Daumier, is because so much emphasis is put upon the artist's difficulties which, though great, are probably no greater than those in eighteenth century England or nineteenth century France, and so little on the artist's product. Kind hearted America sympathizes with the poet's sad lot, praises, if it notices at all, the lines so painfully wrung from his harassed mind, and demands not half enough. There is work to be done, in art as well as business. And, as Mr. Josephson has noted, American writers, compared to European, are shy on discipline. It is harmful to charge to the environment a poverty which really is the result of fleeing from problems rather than attacking them. Each of us makes his happiness as best he can. Where we live, matters little. How, though important, is critical only to ourselves. What we accomplish may concern the whole world.

D. H. Lawrence

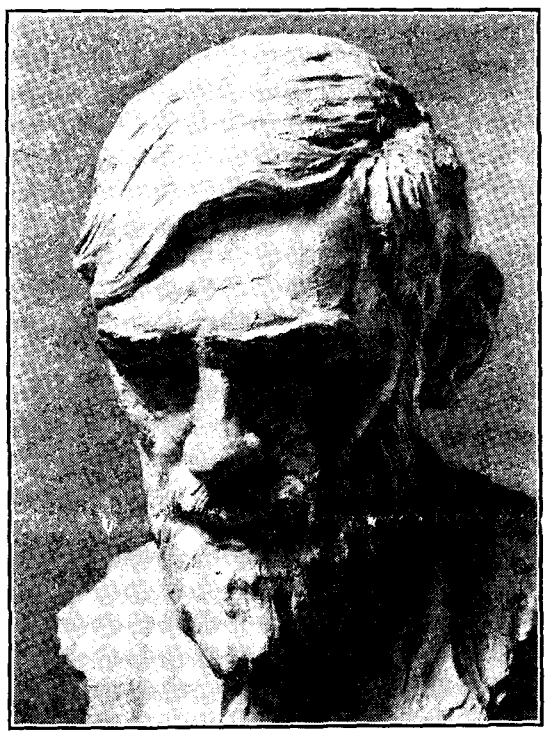
ASSORTED ARTICLES. By D. H. LAWRENCE. New York: Alfred Knopf. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

AMONG the victims of revolt the most lamentable are the revolters, not because they have a hard time and the world sets its brazen brow against the children of light, but because the children of light "go batty." Their immolation is more important than that of the phantoms of an age left behind, whose memory fades more in the twilight of time than under the acid of criticism. The reputations of the Victorian age, with their reticences and proprieties, can wait in their cool mausoleums for the comment of other times. But the effect of contemporary conditions on contemporary work is not on its reputation but on the thing itself, it is born into a world full of the obsessions of contest.

A recent correspondent of the SATURDAY REVIEW insists, apropos of Lawrence, that great writing does not come from freedom and peace but from terrible driving unrest. But in literary history there are examples enough of great writing representing both backgrounds. In reality the backgrounds are usually more composite than they seem to be:

Prophete rechts, Prophete links,
Das Weltkind in der Mitte.



THE LAST PORTRAIT OF D. H. LAWRENCE
Bust done by Jo Davidson in the South of France, only a few days before Lawrence's death

Why dogmatize so absolutely. I don't know, nor does anyone else, whether Leonardo's work represents more of an agonizing struggle or of freedom and peace. Probably, like that of the Weltkind, it represents proportions of both. The Weltkind himself was something of a prophet. When he was young he prophesied *rechts, Sturm und Drang,* driving unrest; when he was old he prophesied *links,* freedom and peace, balance and finish. I don't know, nor does anyone else, whether peace or struggle is best for creative art. Freedom is largely an illusion. I don't know, nor does anyone else, that "it is the heretical drive against mediocrity and mechanization that gives Lawrence his backbone." It is not his backbone that is of particular interest anyway. Heresy is a word of institutional reproach, but the thing itself is venerable and respected, as old as biology and its variations around a norm. Without the heretical variations there would be no story, and without the norm there wouldn't be anything.

Lawrence's values were probably neither spoiled nor made by his heresy, but they were obscured for me on first acquaintence by some peculiarities of his eroticism, as well as by its dominance. I read first his "Women in Love," tore through it in fact in the strenuous wake of its sex interest (much as one tears through a detective story), only noticing that there were odd things about it, and that its sex interest seemed a bit pawing and in that way unpleasant. It was the two volumes of short stories that waked me to the marvel of Lawrence—*The Fox, The Captain's Doll, The White Peacock.* The man handled symbols in a way to make even Hawthorne seem obvious and crude. They were not only unique in atmosphere but pastmasterly in technique. He got his results by processes as curious and imperceptible as those of Henry James, and the results were bold and definite. After that I reread "Women in Love" and went on to "Sons and Lovers," and could see what before had been obscured.

It appears now that he had a philosophy and was one crying in the wilderness the gospel of sex: sex is the fountain of art; in sex only is salvation. The Bergsonian *élan vital* narrows somewhat to the Freudian *libido,* and still further to the Lawrentian sex. As a philosophy it is no voice in the wilderness. It is a multitude in the streets, and the voice of Havelock Ellis is more philosophical and less opinionated than that of Lawrence.

The most interesting of these "Assorted Articles" are not those concerned with this social doctrine—on Women, Funk, Emasculated Civilizations. He seems to have grown more and more narrow and bitter if not peevish. The interest is in the three autobiographical essays: Autobiographical Sketch, Hymns in a Man's Life, and Making Pictures. Personally he never went through any bitter struggle for success. He was the son of a collier, but people helped him to his education. He never starved in a garret. He quit teaching only when his writing had begun to give him another foothold. But one source of his uneasiness in life was a sense of alienation from both the working class from which he sprung and the middle class which he had entered. "I feel the middle class cut off some of my vital vibrations. It is broad, shallow and passionless. At the best they substitute affection, which is the great middle class positive emotion. The working class is still fairly deep and passionate—but it is narrow in outlook, in prejudice, and narrow in intelligence. This again makes a prison. One can belong absolutely to no class. I cannot make the transfer from my own class to the middle class. I cannot, for anything in the world, forfeit my passional consciousness and my old blood affinity with my fellow men and the animals and the land, for that other thin, spurious mental conceit, which is all that is left of the mental consciousness, once it has made itself exclusive."

Lawrence was only an amateur painter, but he had the approach to painting of a real painter. It was perhaps by accident rather than capacity that he became a writer instead. He was a creative artist and his work ought to be remembered. Art is more substantial than philosophy or prophecy. You can not separate the constituents of a man and weigh them, any more than you can unscramble eggs. Lawrence's "philosophy," like most of our philosophies, was the joint product of his nature, his times, and his story. Beliefs rooted in characteristics are hardly distinguishable from characteristics. And yet the roots are characteristics and not beliefs. Shelley was theoretically an atheist and Coleridge a devout Christian. We cannot say that it doesn't matter, but we can say that the special reason we remember them lies back of the philosophies in the "shaping spirit of imagination." We cannot say that Lawrence's sex doctrine does not matter; there is sense in it anyway, if one does not grow fanatical; but we can say that its chief interest is that it represents an innate feeling in Lawrence; and this feeling was the substance in which he worked, and worked creatively.

The New York Public Library opened on Monday, May 12th, an exhibition in memory of George Edward Woodberry, who died on January 2nd of this year. The day selected for the opening of the exhibition would have been Professor Woodberry's seventy-fifth birthday. Woodberry was professor of Comparative Literature at Columbia University from 1891 to 1904, a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, an honorary fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, and author of many volumes of poetry, essays, biography, criticism, etc. His influence as a teacher and a critic has been very great, particularly upon those who came as students within the range of his attractive personality and wide scholarship. The Woodberry Society, founded in 1911, has published several privately printed volumes of his poems and essays.

The exhibition is made up of books and manuscripts by and about Woodberry, and of pictures and memorabilia. Much interesting material has been lent for the purpose by the Woodberry family and by Messrs. Harry Harkness Flagler and Louis V. Ledoux, members of the Woodberry Society. The Exhibition will remain on view until June 30th. A Woodberry bibliography has been compiled and published by the Library, with an introductory article by Dr. John Erskine.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

John Mistletoe
IX.

I SAID to myself, I will make a certain date an epoch, after which I will try to be more continuously alert to the things I feel to be so.

Also I will get my hair cut oftener, and really try to improve my finger-nails. I will consider getting my hat cleaned, and answering letters. Perhaps I will even learn the names of birds and flowers, and not let the tenderest tissues of my silence be torn open by telephone bells.

But there are no epochs in Time; it flows and flows and is not divisible by deliberation. Even when we write A.D. 1930 that is purely for convenience. It means nothing.

And now my new epoch is here. I am happy about it, but still the blessed moment wriggles from under my finger. It flows and flows; whether it passes through me or I through it, is hardly worth arguing if only Time and I keep even pace together. I am done with working against Time.

Time sifts into everything, like dust; even the cups and saucers on the table change their look when Time is in the mind.

To float easily in Time, to move concurrently with it, without anxiety, lie on your back. Nothing except the tip of your consciousness should be above the stream. . Lying so, I bathe myself in Time. People are often alarmed to see anyone in that horizontal posture. He is suspected of thinking.

If I give you my Time, I give you all I have.

Give us this day our daily Time; forgive us our wastages.

Time, like nakedness, is holy: it is the bare body of life. Prudent people have made fetishes of it. Clocks are the figleaves of Time. How few dare face Time unveiled.

❧ ❧ ❧

I was ashamed because I had heard myself say I was tired; and lying down to think it over, to equal myself with the living hour, I heard the warm zigzag hum of a bluebottle fly who had cruised in at the open window. He even drowned out the birds whistling in their high green gallery outdoors, applauding the simple melodrama of a hot May afternoon. He whined like a dynamo: he seemed a symbol of Time itself, and changed his gears as it does. I did not see him, I only heard him go. Now he sang in even career, droning on straight levels of elapse; then there was a sudden confused mumble of rotation (I suppose he blundered into the pane) —an indignant twirling flurry, a somersaulting spin. Exactly so, with variation strange, Time reckons in the bluebottle human wit. All know the steady buzz along main highways of duration. But I almost think we have the best of it in those whirling seizures when (as Sir Philip said) the helmet makes a hive for bees. When we cannot wait, no, not an instant, to crowd thought on thought, mirth on mirth, yet never have to apologize to the preceding moment for treading on its heel. For we never quite catch up: even though, as the devout physician said, Time is only five days older than ourselves. But ah what glamored drunkenness is that: even the sad citizen of Dreadful Night knew it—

> Sits long and ariseth drunken
> But not with the feast and the wine;
> He reeleth with his own heart,
> That great rich Vine.

❧ ❧ ❧

Lying so (supine, the grammarian would call it) and with one foot crossed over the other (like a marble Crusader) I float in Time, a passive participle; a mere adjective, yet still retaining some properties of verb. I feel that exquisite completeness of the body touching support all along its full stretch. Women, I think, do not feel it so entirely: more callipygian than ourselves, more gibbous in the sedentaries, they arch slightly above the horizontal at waist and hams. (Will someone please lie down on the floor so I can verify this?) Thereby did Mrs. Lydia Pinkham make fortune, trading on fatigues in that tender valley of Eve's back. Perhaps they also suspend a little more than we above the flat norm of Time. But I fear the old one with the csythe is no discriminator of sexes.

I was getting dangerously near writing for my own amusement; which was not the intention. (Did you ever stop to think what fun De Quincey must have had?) There are ways of taking a very small idea and toying with it and writing round about it; not bad fun, and sometimes profitable to a journalist; but as a journalist I am dead. (I am sorry to be dead in any respect, but it is good practice.) Here we deal with other stuff, most precious, most volatile; though alleviating it where possible. For it would be a pity not to be aware of the richest source of ridicule in the world—myself.

❧ ❧ ❧

Stretched out so, the feel of the legs is important. At first perhaps there is a little drowsiness gently distributed: you may pass into a small but not regretted stupor. Then Psyche, not less efficient than Mrs. Pinkham, reasserts herself. There is the purest sensational pleasure in tightening the cords and muscles of the legs, to know their strongness. You are utterly at ease. You have joined the drift of Time: it flows in soft metronome with every artery. All channels of life are filled with it, and you feel strength coming in, the endless energy that Buddha was so dubious about. But not just mere energy for doing: an energy also of receptiveness, of understanding. It is this brightness of wisdom that every common day seems so well planned to tarnish. You know strange things, and are not ashamed.

I get up and sit at my table. It is like turning the hour-glass end for end. A different balance, a different rhythm; a different quality of thought.

Things that are beautiful and unquestionable in that pose of death or dream, sound a little solemnified when we sit upright. I have not forgotten them, but am shy. It is a pity that one has to write for publication.

Remember, then, not to be more afraid of being absurd than William Blake was.

It is a great thing, even if not mad oneself, to be a sympathizer with madness in others. We do not know nearly as much as we need to about Charles Lamb.

I have an enormous pleasure in smoothing with my hand the brown wood of this table; this plain honest table which I bought ten years ago from the Russian relic-merchant in the village and have worked on ever since.

It is good satisfaction to wipe the dust and tobacco-crumbs from this grainy wood, to regard old stains of ink, old burns and scratches, to feel the honor of service rubbed and darkened in the board.

I have been happy at this table, where my hand has traveled far. Many ominous words have passed across it. Frogs and crickets have kept me company, and one by one have put away their music—all save that one sole cricket that none can outwatch. He keeps liaison with the birds of dawn.
Your hand, too would love this smooth brown wood.

❧ ❧ ❧

Donny looks out at me from under the rose-bush
Where he lies heavily, flattening the pansies—
He made himself comfortable for a hot morning,
Sprawled as luxurious as Omar Khayyam.
But he looks a little anxious: he is wondering
Will I turn the hose on him, as sometimes happens?
Donny is aged, obese and indolent,
And much disrelishes a cold hose-shower.
With much relief he sees me go indoors.

Yet how many times, I reflect rather sadly,
We are in such a hurry to spray cold water
On some harmless and thoughtful philosopher
Who has slipped away from the glare of sunshine

❧ ❧ ❧

One of the things I shall miss most when I am dead
Will be walking with naked feet on bare floors
In summer nights, when the hardwood boards
Are deliciously tepid to the palms of the feet.
For if you love life you should love it all over
And even feet have their privileges.

A DREAM

I find this in some old memoranda of 5 years ago (1925). I had been reading James Stephens' *In the Land of Youth*—

I was in a dark place, which seemed to be a theatre with a dining-room behind it. I had been drinking and was drowsy. I heard a voice which I recognized as Stephens', and felt I *must* speak to him, there was something which we both understood. I groped my way through the dark theatre, stumbling over seats and shouting, "I hear Shaemas Stephens, is Shaemas here anywhere?" Then as I got into the lighted region I saw that I was intruding into a private dinner party: men in dinner jackets (mostly publishers, apparently) were getting up from a table and telling me to be quiet. S—— appeared and offered to lead me out. I insisted that I *must* find Shaemas. Stephens' voice answered me from somewhere in the dark; I did not see him, but as soon as I heard his voice I went back to my seat, quite content, and sat there in a drowse. Then B——, chairman of the dinner party, came and asked me if I would make a speech. I thought it was very courteous of him to give me a chance to repair my rudeness. My head was perfectly clear, and I began to explain that when I heard Stephens' voice I simply *had* to find him—suddenly it was impossible to say any more: I knew there were matters of greatest importance which Shaemas and I ought to communicate, but the polite expectancy of the publishers round the table seemed to make it impossible. There was a ghastly pause: it was amusing to see their faces become disturbed; then I was waked by the first thunderstorm of spring.

I borrowed from James Stephens a quotation to use as one of the mottoes for a story I was finishing: "Your mind had to be tormented and fevered and exalted before you could see a god."

❧ ❧ ❧

When the warm weather came, and at last we let
the furnace fire die,
It lingered peacefully for forty-eight hours before it
ceased upon the midnight with no coal.
Going down cellar, partly by habit and partly out of
curiosity to see how long it could survive, I
would see the faint glow, loyally persisting.
I put my hand inside the firebox to feel the last heat
of that burning we had tended so long, through
savage winter weather when the water rocked
in the gauge and steam went black in the pipes.
Now the old fire is dead, and not even the dogwood
tree in May moonlight can make me forget it.
But the lawn mower and the icebox pan are born
again.

❧ ❧ ❧

I found, in putting down these notions, that sometimes they arrange themselves in a psalmody that has to be described as free verse;
And at that very moment I encountered a book by a learned friend, a professor of literature, who says that "Free verse is now as dead as the Gothic Romance."
I felt that this was my ill fortune; but still, I wonder.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

O'Connor's Cafe*

(Greenwich Avenue, near Sixth
Where John Masefield Aforetime Tended Bar)

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THEY'LL have "apartments" on the upper floors
And shops below, here where the crossways meet,
Where "L" trains shake high trestles down the street
And idle loungers lean from dirty doors.
No more some shrewd-eyed Bacchus shakes and pours
Glittering decoctions when the Spring is sweet
With violet twilight, or through festering heat
Of summer, while the eternal traffic roars.

O'Connor's passes, and that tall Bastille
With clock-face ever owlish of late hours
Rules on, where once a strange young sailor passed
To scour bar bright-work, dream of nights at wheel
On vast dark seas, and to invoke such powers
As guard his greatness here until the last.

D. G. Somervell, in the "Essays and Studies" collected by Sir Herbert Warren, relates that when his father became a house-master Matthew Arnold dropped in to breakfast. He waved all dishes fastidiously aside. "No thank you, my darling"—it was thus he used to address his friends—"I've just bitten off the tails of those three bullpups of yours, and that does take the edge off one's appetite."

* This poem is reprinted from Mr. Benét's "Moons of Grandeur."

The Saturday Review of Literature

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.....*Contributing Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 6. No. 43.

Copyright, 1930, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Wild Africa

LIVINGSTONE. By R. J. CAMPBELL. New York: Dodd, Mead. 1930. $3.

CARL AKELEY'S AFRICA. By MARY L. JOBE AKELEY. The same. 1929. $5.

GIANTS OF THE FOREST. By W. S. CHADWICK. New York: Bobbs-Merrill. 1930. $5.

THE ROARING VELDT. By GRETCHEN CRON. New York: Putnam. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by KERMIT ROOSEVELT

Anyone wishing to build up a complete library of the literature of African travel and exploration and hunting would need to have space aplenty at his disposal. For a more select list, there are certain obvious classics, such as the writings of Livingstone and Drummond and Gordon Cumming and Selous and Arthur Newman, to name but a few of the outstanding works. Personally, I should rank Fitzpatrick's "Jock of the Bushveldt" second to none, both as a tale of dog life and a dissertation on African hunting. It keeps alive an adventurous and romantic period which has gone forever with the advent of the Cape-to-Cairo Cook Tours, and its appeal is as strong for the young as for the old. Patterson's "Man-eaters of Tsavo" is as thrilling as the wildest novel of adventure, and there are many other authors who would claim representation in this Library of Classics of African Travel.

The recent publications listed above deal with varying periods. Much has been written concerning the life of David Livingstone, as the list in the back of Dr. Campbell's book will show. From 1867 to the present date, very few years have passed without one or more books appearing dealing with some phase of Livingstone's work as missionary or explorer. Only three years ago Charles J. Finger brought out a most readable volume on the great missionary. Those of us who impinge in any way on the days when in respectable households, Sunday reading was confined to religious subjects, will testify to the great benefit that Livingstone conferred upon the childhood of that period. It was certainly no great trial to curl up on the sofa with "Missionary Travels," for the name clearly indicated how suitable it was for Sunday consumption, while the text was calculated to enthrall any child. I know of no more vivid description of an adventure with a lion than that recounted by Dr. Livingstone. Although it would seem that the wealth of matter already in print concerning Livingstone should limit the value of further biographical work, Dr. Campbell has had access to many hitherto closed sources, such as the "Locked Journal," and a great quantity of letters, and he has provided us with a clearcut and impartial study.

Carl Akeley had a particularly colorful career from the day when, as a farm boy, he entered Ward's Academy in Rochester, that training school for so many of our great naturalists. It is hard to say just what is Akeley's most outstanding contribution. He revolutionized taxidermy, and thanks to his work as an artist, animals are no longer "stuffed." His rank as a sculptor is not to be disputed; to this anyone will agree who has seen the lion spearing groups in the American Museum and in the Field Museum, or any one of his smaller bronzes such as the "Wounded Comrade." As an inventor, he was responsible for the moving-picture camera that bears his name, and with which perhaps the majority of the great wild life pictures have been made.

Carl Akeley first went to Africa in 1896, so that he knew the country long before the advent of the motor car. Indeed, he made two further expeditions in 1905 and in 1910, both of which preceded the advent of the machine age to the Dark Continent. Mrs. Akeley gives us a delightful account of his latest expeditions, on the last of which he died, as he would have wished, at work in the field. Her book is of value from many angles, for not only does it give a vivid description of African travel, but it tells of the great work now being done for the conservation of African game, in particular with regard to the Parc National Albert in the Belgian Congo. Mrs. Akeley has contributed immeasurably to this ideal of her husband's, and future generations are going to realize even more fully how great is their debt of gratitude to her.

Mr. Chadwick in "Giants of the Forest" tells the story from the professional standpoint. He has been a "rolling stone" for many years, having served as sailor and soldier and ox driver, and in many another outdoor profession. He has hunted for a living and shot his elephants to sell their ivory. He has a very remarkable gift for narration, and his accounts of encounters with dangerous game are packed with thrilling incidents.

The book is illustrated with drawings that are, many of them, exceedingly well executed, but some one connected with the bringing out of the book is responsible for a very obvious error in labelling the picture on page 180 "Hartebeeste." It is not one of the best done drawings, and it is a little difficult to see what the animals are. They appear to be either roan or sable antelope. One thing, however, is certain; and that is, whatever else they may be, they are not hartebeeste.

Mrs. Cron has provided a most readable account of present day safari life in East Africa. She has made four expeditions and is in a position to speak with authority. Africa has taken a strong hold upon the Crons, as it has upon many another traveler. Each individual, if pressed, will probably give a different reason for the charm that the African veldt exerts. One thing is certain, and that is that there exists a great diversity of appeal. You have the physical country itself, its vast sunlit plains, its lofty mountains and broad rivers. You have the native life, varying so greatly between tribe and tribe. You have the Abyssinian, the Masai, the Kavirondo, the Kikuyu, the Bushman of the Kalahari Desert, the Pigmy of the Congo, and literally hundreds of other tribes, each with its own language and its individual arts and crafts. Then you have the wild life, the teeming thousands that throng the plains and the bushland. Some are the epitome of grace, such as the impala; others are cumbersome and prehistoric. There are antelope no larger than hares that inhabit the same country as the giraffe. There is the highly specialized swamp antelope, the sitatunga, with its elongated hoofs to faciliate its passage through the reed beds. The lover of wild life can put no term to his enjoyment and interest.

In the beginning of the present century, Ernest Schillings wrote, "With Flashlight in the Jungle," the account of his pioneering expedition in photographing African wild life. Mr. Schillings achieved amazing things when the tools at that time available are considered. Since then immense strides have been made in the development of the moving picture camera, and if Schillings had possessed one of Carl Akeley's machines, he would have obtained very different results.

Since the War there have been many remarkable films made. The work of Radcliffe Dugmore, of Klein, of Maxwell, of Martin Johnson, and numerous others, is of an excellence that in antebellum days would have been held impossible. The photographic work done by the Crons ranks with the very highest. They have excelled both with the still and the moving picture camera, and even in these days of beautifully illustrated volumes, their work stands out in preëminence.

"Regarding the pronunciation of Lamb's pseudonym, 'Elia,'" writes a correspondent of *John O'London's Weekly*, "might I be permitted to point out that in a letter to John Taylor, of the firm of Messrs. Taylor & Hessey, Booksellers, Fleet Street, dated July 21, 1821, Lamb writes: '. . . Poor Elia (call him Ellia) . . . Poor Elia, the real (for I am but a counterfeit), is dead. The fact is a person of that name, an Italian, was a fellow clerk of mine at the South Sea House.'"

An Experiment in Criticism

PRACTICAL CRITICISM. By I. A. RICHARDS (Fellow of Magdalene, Cambridge). New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1929.

Reviewed by O. W. FIRKINS

THIS book is a study in the pathology of criticism, and the first thing to be noted and stressed is its very real ability and value. From the pathology of criticism two steps, two transitions, are possible. One may pass backward to literature or forward to psychology; the lantern may be turned on either object. Mr. Richards turns his lantern on psychology; indeed he all but turns it upon life itself. In that single fact half the man is known to us.

The title, "Practical Criticism," is inapt; in a less candid thinker it would be disingenuous. The book does not "practise" criticism; it does not teach the practice of criticism (unless a man who warned the tourist against beggars, malaria, and fleas might be said to teach traveling in Italy). The author gives a cogent, and, for the most part, sound, analysis of pseudo-critical mental states, misunderstanding, stock response, sentimentality, inhibition, preconception, and the like. Among disabilities he virtually includes standards. Here he diverges from the ordinary critic. The hater of disabilities usually emphasizes standards as an antidote. Mr. Richards stresses the poison and rejects (or minifies) the antidote. The mental eye must be purged of its disorders (and its convalescence will be long), and then must simply look. That look, or gaze, is criticism. If I understand the author's rapid explanation, a work of art cannot be judged. Judgment implies three things, a work, an observer, and a common external measure. For Mr. Richards there is only the observer (the disciplined, wary, supple, vigilant observer) and the work.

This is Mr. Richards at his boldest. He is perhaps more novel, and certainly more copious, in a less extreme phase of his work, his method of investigation. He prints—to quote his publisher—"the astonishing opinions of a number of cultivated readers upon poems which were put before them *unsigned*." It requires thought to grasp the full moment of that unpretending word "unsigned." Signatures guide, persuade, shackle, hoodwink, blindfold, browbeat, and coerce us. Both in the conduct and the review of this experiment. Mr. Richards is quite admirable; he is intelligent, broad-minded, just, and sane. The diameter of the divergences, though very great, hardly outruns judicious expectation; if it does so at all, it is probably because Mr. Richards has allowed Eris to choose some of his golden apples for him, because, in plainer words, he chooses poems on which experts might divide. In any case Mr. Richards has rendered a real and a considerable service; conjecture, right or wrong, has been superseded by demonstration. His experiment will be valuable to three classes of persons, psychologists, critics, and teachers, *in the downward order*. Incidentally, average intelligence has received another blow. Every expert thinks that the layman in his own field is exceptionally ignorant, and we have only to combine these testimonies to perceive that the lay intelligence is generally overrated. Mr. Richards says almost or quite as much.

Another section of the book, "Analysis," provides the psychological foundation for the offered data. Mr. Richards is a master of the psychology of criticism. It is odd that our certainty on this point should leave us quite free to be uncertain as to his expertness in the practice of the art. We can infer nothing from his principles, for he disavows principles, or thinks them useful only as precautions. We can infer nothing from his practice because his practice is withheld from us. One wonders if a born critic could be equally forbearing. Is a man a judge of vintages who can sit all the evening with his eye riveted on a shelf of unopened bottles? The last (short) section, "Summary and Recommendations," which summarizes much oftener than it recommends, is a patient, matter-of-fact exposition which, somehow and sometimes, in its charity, in its firm, though modest, hope, in its wish to discover in literature a utensil and a discipline for life, treads the summits—or at least the higher slopes—of wisdom. Such a man has earned the right to quote Matthew Arnold in his parting salutation.

Darien the Unfortunate

THE DISASTER OF DARIEN. By FRANCIS RUSSELL HART. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929.

Reviewed by FRANK CUNDALL
Institute of Jamaica

As the courtly Rubens sometimes spared time from his easel to amuse himself with diplomacy, so Mr. Francis Russell Hart occasionally spares time from high finance to amuse himself, with consummate effect, in writing on naval affairs in the West Indies of bygone times.

His "Admirals of the Caribbean" has been followed by "The Disaster of Darien," in which he narrates in a pleasant and informative manner the history of that ill-starred venture.

It was planned by a man of great ability and vision, William Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England, who, before his day, saw Darien, "this door of the seas and the key of the Universe," as an entrepôt for the exchange of goods between the Western and Eastern worlds. The venture was enthusiastically supported by the whole of the Scotch nation which subscribed half the whole circulating capital of the country. From the start from Leith of the first vessel to the wreck of the last homeward bound ships which comprised the ill-fated second expedition, the enterprise lasted but a little over two years. It ended in inglorious disaster, embittered the feelings between the English and Scotch nations, hampered negotiations for their union, and produced an estrangement between them which lasted for years.

Several causes contributed to its failure. Inspired as it was by some jealousy of English success in the trade with the East, in which ambition outweighed prudence, it caused counterjealousy in England, which led to the disowning of the settlement by the English government and the forbidding of the sending of supplies to it from the American and West Indian colonies.

The spot selected for settlement was not free from Spanish influence, though townships on the site had been long abandoned, and the venture naturally evoked action on the part of that nation. The English in the West Indies, though anxious to make money by trade, legally if possible, were distinctly hostile to settlements that might draw inhabitants from their shores.

The preparations made were insufficient, leadership was marred by jealousies; the goods for trade were unsuitable; money was almost lacking; the suppliess of food were grossly unsuitable; and this leads one to the reflection that, though Scotchmen make probably the most successful residents in British colonies, albeit the best Empire builders have been Englishmen, such Scotch efforts as were made to found colonies on their own acocunt proved futile.

The money which the shareholders of the Darien Company lost was made good to them on the union of the two kingdoms, but the company which controlled the payments did not cease to exist for a century and a half.

Mr. Hart's is by far the best work on the subject which has been produced: type, printing, and illustrations are all excellent. Of its 433 pages, 250 are devoted to the appendices; and the most important of these are despatches from Spain and from Spanish governors in America concerning the Darien matter, now published for the first time. Of these, by far the largest part are from the Archives of the Indies in Seville, but a few are from the West India Library in the Institute of Jamaica, where are over eight hundred transcripts from the Spanish archives dealing with the Spanish occupation of Jamaica.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music in the 'Twenties

THE artist has been described as one who imposes a spurious but plausible harmony and logic upon the confusion he finds in the universe. The critic does this, too, *with the confusion he finds in art.* Clarification, organization, principles, judgments which imply all these, are expected of him, and he produces them. In his criticism he gives to the art as a whole an organization it does not possess, and to individual specimens the very appearance they would have under this organization; so that the entire system of criticism remains uncontradicted by fact and consistent internally, and retains its appearance of truth.

The critic writes, for example, (Lewis Mumford, in *The New Republic*, March 21, 1928) that it is the wan "grays, yellow-greens, pinks, browns, silvers" of Paris itself that are reproduced in modern French decoration, which in turn "echoes the tone and mood of the best contemporary French artists—Picasso, Derain, Leger, Bracque, Vlaminck"; that this decoration, therefore, fits into the experience of a person accustomed to "the pale glint of the winter sun against the murky gray houses of the Seine, or the street lights against a foggy twilight on the boulevards, or the warmer, murkier colors of Notre Dame itself"; that pictures and interiors not only form with the city itself a unified French experience, but express dominant French feeling; hence that "the very qualities that must make this art warm to a Parisian make it cold, foreign, remote to a New Yorker," since "our brilliant sunlight, our clear air, the sharp forms of mountain and building, and the equally sharp shadows that they cast . . . should give our decorations a certain hard, bright joy. . . ." He writes all this as if there were principles which dictated such strict unities; as if, to come to facts, there were any such strict unities to be observed even in Paris; as if modern French interiors were all or even predominantly wan grays and silvers; as if the wan grays and silvers of some interiors did echo, either the tone and mood of Rouault, Gromaire, Bracque, and other French artists, or the murky colors of Notre Dame.

Of a new art one may expect criticism of this "as if" type—criticism as if the fact that a living room was on a twenty-first floor instead of a first meant that it must have a different style of furniture; as if living with eighteenth century furniture were worse than living with eighteenth century literature, pictures, or music; as if an eighteenth century table were without function and a twentieth century table without useless ornamentation; as if a modernist piano case performed or suggested function as a stock model did not; as if function alone accounted for the appearance of American motor cars, or for the changes and deterioration in their appearance. That is because the art is new; something, anything must be found to be said about it, to explain what it is, why it is, why it should be. But bore into older criticisms and one will find the same "as if" procedure. In every criticism there are ideas which owe their existence to the fact that the truth about art is obscure, and their survival to the fact that it is meagre. Most people, that is, would have any idea rather than none, and an imposing appearance of truth rather than the truth itself.

The critic, for example, feels called upon to explain the apparent decline in Stravinsky's powers. It is a starvation, he says, due to Stravinsky's removal from the Russian scene in which these powers were rooted. Or why has American music been unimportant? Because it has not been American, has not expressed an American feeling bound up, as cause and as effect, with American life, the American scene. An artist, to be successful, must draw artistic nourishment from the life into which he was born, in which his own life is rooted; a composer must make his music out of the folk and popular music of his country which express the emotional character of its people.

Now the facts indicate rather that in the sense in which it is true that an artist draws artistic nourishment from the life into which he is born, this life is the entire cultural heritage of all mankind. For painters, poets, and novelists have always found artistic stimuli and material in other countries and other centuries than their own; and so have composers. As against Stravinsky there is Prokofieff, there was Chopin, and there was also Strauss who decayed right in Charlottenburg. Again, Russians and Frenchmen have written "Españas" and "Ibérias." And the "Italias" and Ibérias" constitute only a small and special part of cultivated music. "The classics," writes Dr. George Dyson (in "The New Music"), "rarely distract us with ideas of locality," and he speaks of "aural geography" as an artistic disease.

BUT in the sense in which it is true that an artist draws artistic nourishment from the life into which he is born, this principle is of no use to the critic who could explain why Stravinsky has declined or why Americans have produced no serious music of value; for he cannot maintain that life has not offered them artistic nourishment. Therefore he gives to the principle a sense in which it is not true, in which it dictates strict nationalistic unities; and then he may say that the decline in Stravinsky's powers is a starvation, and that American music has not been sufficiently American.

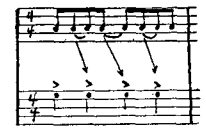
This explanation is the conclusion; the beginning was the fact to be explained, the fact that America had produced no music. Similar beginnings have usually led to similar conclusions. That is, when critics have had occasion to ask why there was no national—in the sense merely of a nation's—cultivated music, they have usually decided that what was lacking was a national—in the sense now of nationalistic cultivated music, one which bore the stamp of the nation of its origin. And starting with the fact that the nation had not produced its own classics which "rarely distract us with ideas of locality," they have ended with an insistence upon music that would refer unmistakably to a locality by using the folk or popular music of the locality. Moreover, the extremists have stepped in at this point: cultivated music having made use of folk or popular music, they have contended that it must do nothing else. This has happened before. Music having acquired the power to convey the impression, as W. J. Turner says in "Orpheus," of "a vegetable world alive in quivering hot sunshine . . . a special order of life, the life of trees, streams and lakes, the play of light upon water and on clouds, the murmur of plants drinking and feeding in the sunlight, and all that order of motion and movement which we are in the habit of calling physical . . ." there were some to contend that it should not convey such impressions since it had not conveyed them before, but others to contend that it should convey only such impressions now that it could. Each group supported its contention by the very nature of music which it had defined for the purpose, or by general esthetic principles equally *ad hoc* by which art should or should not express life or some things in life; and it was argued that since music could be a pure art—pure in the sense of complete in itself—then music with external associations was impure, and impure now with a more sinister connotation.

The result of all this has been the contention that American music must be made out of jazz, and even out of the sounds of machines. I do not say that it must not; but certainly it need not. I am not aware that any Viennese composer was ever told that he must write only Viennese waltzes, or that he must make his symphonies out of these waltzes. Nor can I see why an American must write only Rhapsodies in Blue, or why, when he writes a symphonic work, he must make it out of jazz. He can, of course, but Gershwin has demonstrated that a number of jazz tunes arranged in the pattern of the sonata-allegro form do not constitute a sonata-allegro movement wrought of jazz, but remain a number of jazz tunes in sequence, indistinguishable in effect from a fantasy or rhapsody. And in doing this he has demonstrated that an American writing a symphony must follow the same tradition, use the same materials, and face the same difficulties as a European; which is one reason why the symphony is not written. His symphony will be different from the European's, as the symphony of another European would be; and its value will depend simply on his talent; which is perhaps another reason why the symphony is not written.

As for the sounds of machines, they are of even less use than jazz. One might as soon expect a pastoral symphony to be made entirely out of cuckoo calls. In music, not only do rhythm and form articulate the selected class of musical sounds, but the sounds identify the rhythms and make it possible to elaborate them into large forms. A few industrial noises can do about as much for rhythm and form as a few drums would; so that whereas the "Sacre du printemps" played in concert is still exciting, "Ballet Mécanique" is only wearying. Nor can rhythms do much for the noises, which are indistinguishable from what can be heard in a fact

If it *had* been said that a Viennese composer must make his symphonies out of Viennese waltzes the result, I am sure, would have been just such a quarrel as has raged over jazz. There has been no description of jazz, but only attack and counter-attack, and these on a totally false issue. For whether jazz was suitable for symphonic treatment had nothing to do with its intrinsic value, and this had nothing to do with its technical simplicity or complexity. But the conservative side made its attack a demonstration that jazz was too simple; and the counter-attack, then, has consisted in showing that it is sufficiently complicated, particularly in rhythm.

Now one need only listen to jazz to realize that it is very simple, even in rhythm. Chiefly one hears an unceasing plunk-plunk-plunk-plunk in the bass; whatever eccentricity is to be heard in the melody fits into this rigid framework. For example, accents are displaced in the melody by syncopation, but each displaced accent is tied up with the regular accent in the bass, which it merely anticipates and even emphasizes, so that the displaced accents do not form an independent rhythm:



Or when, in an upper voice, an odd-sized figure, usually comprising three-eighths or quarters, is repeated which does not fit exactly into the measure:

or

it is usually accentuated according to the meter of the bass

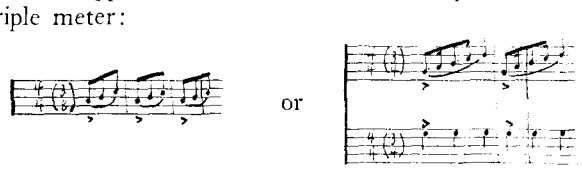
or

so that there is rhythmic irregularity but still only one meter. Only exceptionally is the first note of the figure accented; then, when the meter of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by B. H. Haggin

bass is suppressed, the result is an interpolation of triple meter:



or when, even more rarely, the meter of the bass is maintained, the result is a combination of two meters (polyrhythm):

These confusing interruptions of the regular jazz meter are necessarily not only exceptional but short.

It appears, in fact, that this music is distinguishable by its limitations. It begins with a limitation to one meter; to maintain this unobscured it accepts limitations upon its use of certain common rhythmic devices; and the effects of these devices are then so limited as to be distinctive and to be associated inevitably with jazz. It is not the device of syncopation or of the repeated odd-sized figure that is characteristic of jazz; it is the limited effect of the limited use of the device in the jazz meter and tempo. And it is the fast tempo that makes even the slight rhythmic irregularities exciting.

These being the facts, the jazz adherents could only falsify them. Reading Gilbert Seldes's article, "Toujours Jazz," in the summer of 1923, one concluded it was about music one had not heard. But hearing the music at Paul Whiteman's concert in Aeolian Hall and examining it afterward, one realized that Mr. Seldes had given simple things the names of complicated ones or made them complicated in describing them; that he had supported wrong notions with explanations that did not explain nd examples that did not exemplify; that he had uttressed the entire toppling structure with an apearance of the utmost assurance, a confident but inxpert, when not actually incorrect, use of technical erms, and a persuasively chaotic style. Here are some of his statements, the numbers in brackets referring to my subsequent comments:

It is syncopation, too, which has so liberated jazz from normal polyphony, from perfect chords,[1] that M. Darius Milhaud is led to expect from jazz a full use of polytonic and atonic harmonies; he notes that in Kitten on the Keys there exists already a chord of the perfect major and the perfect minor.[2] The reason why syncopation lies behind all this is that it is fundamentally an anticipation or a suspension in one instrument (or in the bass) of what is going to happen in another (the treble); and the moment in which a note occurs prematurely or in retard is, frequently, a moment of discord on the strong beat. A dissonance sets in which may or may not be resolved later.[3] The regular use of syncopation therefore destroyed the fallacy (as I hold it) of the perfect ear; and this is one reason why Americans are often readier to listen to modern music than peoples who haven't got used to dissonance in their folk and popular music[4]. . . .

The notorious slide of the trombone, now repeated in the slide of the voice, means inevitably that in its progress to the note which will make an harmonious chord, the instrument passes through discords. "Smears," as they are refreshingly called, are the deadliest enemy of the classic tradition, for the ear becomes so accustomed to discords in transition that it ceases to mind them. (We hear them, of course; the pedants are wrong to say that we will cease to appreciate the "real value" of a discord if we aren't pained by it and don't leave the hall when one is played without resolution) [5]. . . .

The free use of syncopation has led our good composers of ragtime and jazz to discoveries in rhythm and to a mastery of complications which one finds only in the great masters of serious music [6]. . . .

Stumbling (Zez Confrey) is in effect a waltz played against a more rapid counter-rhythm, and is interesting also for its fixed groups of uneven notes—they are really triplets with the first note held or omitted for a time, then with the third note omitted and so on; . . . [and Carolina in the Morning] . . . carries the introduction (of the chorus) almost to the point of exhaustion, suspending the resolution of its phrases until the last possible moment, and then lets go, with a vast relief on the long, somewhat yodelly note[7]. . . .

[Whiteman's band] is a real perfection of the instrument, a mechanically perfect organization which pays for its perfection by losing much of the element of surprise. . . .Whiteman has been clever enough to preserve the sense of impromptu and his principal band . . . is so much under control (his and its own) that—[8]

1. By perfect chords Mr. Seldes means consonant chords. But dissonant chords are equally normal in music; and they are produced by normal polyphony.

2. The simultaneous occurrence of a major and a minor triad in Kitten on the Keys does not result from syncopation. The piece is in F major; but Confrey starts the left hand repeating a set group of chords in which a-flat occurs, and does not change this to a-natural when the right hand enters. Incidentally, chord of the perfect major or minor is something new in terminology. What would be imperfect?

3. As a matter of fact the other voice catches up and completes the chord at once. But that is not important. Where music consists of a melody over accompanying chords, the sound of the chords is not changed by discordant notes in the melody. And in jazz these chords are for the most part simple tonic, and dominant.

4. I don't know what the fallacy of the perfect ear is. But there is as little harmonic sophistication in jazz as in any other popular music; and even if there were more it would not make Americans readier to listen to modern music than other peoples, since taste in cultivated music is the result of hearing cultivated music. And Americans are *not* readier to listen to modern music.

5. Discords are part of the "classic tradition." And in the second place, the infinite gradation of pitch and rapid tempo of the smear prevent any tone in the series from being heard as distinct; and only a distinguishable tone can be heard as part of a harmony. The pedants, then, are right in saying that the discords are not heard. The effect of the smear is not harmonic but melodic; it is a sort of extended grace-note, an introductory embellishment of a note with definite pitch.

6. Mr. Seldes means the occurrence of two meters simultaneously. This, in jazz, is not due to syncopation, but is produced by the repetition of a triplet figure. Mr. Seldes, whenever he sees a triplet figure repeated, thinks there are two meters; but usually the figure is accented according to the meter of the bass. At most there is nothing to compare with the rhythmic complexity that is found in the greatest masters of serious music.

7. Following this method one can make Czerny sound like Brahms—on paper. This is, in fact, the method used for contemporary music.

8. That reason begins to totter.

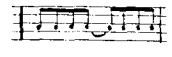
But it was not only Mr. Seldes who falsified the facts. He had, indeed, in his ignorance only borrowed from the sophisticated musicians who insisted on hearing in the simplicities of jazz the complexities of cultivated music, which they did by juggling with notation. Here, for example, was Aaron Copland writing (in *Modern Music*, January-February, 1927) of this rhythm

"This notation, however, is deceptive, as Mr. Knowlton has pointed out. His article [in *Harper's*, April, 1926] reveals the practice followed by popular music publishers of writing extremely [!] complex jazz compositions very simply so as to sell them more easily to the musically uneducated. He was the first to show that this jazz rhythm is in reality much subtler than in its printed form and is properly expressed thus:

Therefore it contains no syncopation; it is instead a rhythm of four quarters split into eight eighths and is arranged thus: 1-2-3:1-2-3-4-5, or even more precisely: 1-2-3:1-2-3:1-2. Put this over the four-quarter bass:

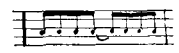
and you have the play of two independent rhythms within the space of one measure."

But Mr. Knowlton, on the contrary, had not so much as mentioned



What he had described as 1-2-3:1-2-3:1-2 was a repeated figure of three notes in which dotted eighths alternated with sixteenths:

And the deception of the printed copy, he had said, consisted in omitting this and substituting simpler syncopated figuration. For him, then,



would have been syncopated. It was Mr. Copland, intent upon his polyrhythm, who converted

into

and then misread Mr. Knowlton's statements. Later after giving examples of a repeated three-quarter figure in the melody over four-quarter meter in the bass, which he called a startling new synthesis in music, he concluded that "the peculiar excitement they (the polyrhythms of jazz) produced by clashing two definitely and regularly marked rhythms is unprecedented in occidental music. Its polyrhythm is the real contribution of jazz." Well, if Mr. Copland will open the score of Stravinsky's "Sacre" to the third measure after number 64 he will find one precedent: twenty-four measures in definitely and regularly marked four-quarter meter, during which the bass drum marks as definitely and regularly a three-quarter meter, and during eight of which the tam-tam marks a three-quarter meter different from that of the drum. There are additional precedents extending back to Mozart's "Don Giovanni." And in jazz, as I have shown, both meters are usually not marked: either the bass is given the accentuation of the melody figure, or the melody figure is given the accentuation of the bass.

To sum up—these attempts to make jazz complicated were attempts to demonstrate its value and therefore its suitability for use in American cultivated music; they resulted from the belief that American cultivated music must be made out of jazz, or more generally that a composer must make his music out of the folk and popular music of his country which expresses the emotional character of its people, or still more generally that an artist must draw artistic nourishment from the life into which he was born, in which his own life is rooted. The truth of the matter, on the contrary, is that jazz is simple, but that its simplicity does not affect its value, and that this value does not make it suitable for use in American cultivated music. Nor is it true that this music must be made out of jazz. America, its people, its feeling, are not one but many; as in other countries there is a popular music which expresses feeling at one level, and a cultivated music which expresses feeling at a different level; and the cultivated music is part of the music which expresses feeling at that level throughout the western world. Writing a symphony, then, is the same for an American as for a European; and there is evidence of this in the fact that both are finding it difficult. Perhaps the material of western music has yielded all that it had to yield.

It is worth noting that the attempts to prove jazz valuable in this way were useful to people who formerly had had to deny jazz in public as a sort of scarlet woman of music, but who now might lend their names to a Whiteman concert without losing their musical respectability. There was something suspicious in the sudden sweet reasonableness of these people, and the rapidity of their conversion; and my guess is that formerly they had observed their musical moral standards, like their other moral standards, in true Anglo-American fashion, by allowing themselves to be bored at the public concerts of which they were patrons and guarantors, and enjoying jazz in private.

But my concern is with an episode in criticism, an example of what critics do in order to produce the substantial ideas that are expected of them. I am aware that to create facts in accordance with theories is the procedure of all intellectual activity which seeks theories to explain facts, and that the trouble, therefore, is not with criticism but with bad critics. But that is trouble enough.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Dublin To-Day

By Mary Manning

DAWN breaks over the Dublin mountains. The Shannon scheme has shattered the Celtic Twilight, and light born of electricity illuminates with fearful clarity the city of Leopold Bloom.

Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

God rest its soul. Compulsory Irish assisted by the censorship of literature has read the funeral service, and only the poets are left to mourn. There is no place for romanticism in the Free State mind which is a nice blend of a hard technical school intelligence, religious sentiment, and public spirited urge, for, mind you, they are out to clean up the streets, municipal administration, *and* literature. All day the landed and landless gentry read the safe columns of the *Irish Times* in the still safer precincts of the Kildare Street Club. What will we do with Mr. Gilhooley? Drum him out of the regiment, sir! Bad form! Dirt! Evil literature! The country's going from bad to worse. And the bishop said the nightingale is a most immoral bird. Yes, said the Minister for Public Morals, any nightingales coming into this country will be seized and burnt. *Everything* is most immoral, especially Shaw, Shakespeare, and the man Joyce.

And up round "the North side" lingers the eighteenth century. Forgotten Dublin. Farewell to Lever! Farwell to the Rakes of Mallow, to Moore's melodies and Daly's coffee house. Farewell to Fanny This and Nelly That. Their white muslin gowns have become museum pieces. Their harps are silent forever.

This is the city of Leopold Bloom. This is the city of Mr. Gilhooley. This is the capital of the Irish Free State.

Some time ago Mr. Lennox Robinson, long, lean, and witty, lectured to that select group, the Irish Literary Society. The subject of the lecture was "The Younger Irish Poets," and he proceeded to intimidate us by stating firmly that there were eleven young Irish poets, all very much alive and writing considerable poetry. *Eleven* young poets! Somewhere Mr. George Moore says, "Every young man of literary talent has one volume of poems in him when he is young; the test of a poet is whether he can write poems when he is fifty."

Possibly three out of the eleven will write poetry when they have reached years of discretion. Fifty is, I believe, years of discretion. On the other hand, I do not believe that discretion is the better part of poetry. Consider Keats, consider Shelley, Byron, Rimbaud, any poet that ever was, has written his best before thirty. I have neither time nor space to give the names of the eleven, but I am sure of the following three—and they have all a few years before thirty—Lyle Donaghy, Geoffrey Phibbs (now known as Geoffrey Taylor), and Frank O'Connor. Lyle Donaghy, the youngest, is in London under the sheltering wing of T. S. Eliot. Frank O'Connor—a Cork man—is at present working in Dublin, and Geoffrey Taylor, between the intervals of making history for the Lytton Strachey of 1980, is working in England.

Ireland's national theatre has just concluded a rather sterile year, and 1930 so far is unproductive of fresh genius. No new O'Casey has arisen from the slums. No young Synge has come out of the West. There is a dearth of fresh talent in actors as well as dramatics. Barry FitzGerald, the well-beloved, the King of Comedians, has left us for London, and there is no one to take his place. Yet I feel it is only the calm that comes before a storm. Genius is brewing somewhere, and it is only a question of time before it appears.

Lennox Robinson, on his return from a lecture tour in the States, wrote a play called "Ever the Twain," which was produced at the Abbey Theatre last autumn and revived a few weeks ago. It is rumored that J. B. Fagan intends to produce it in London and eventually take it to New York. The play is written round the experiences of a group of lecturers and their various reactions to American life and manners. Padraic Colum says that everyone at the first presentation had either lectured in America or wanted to lecture there. Certainly the American manners are considerably better than those of the European lecturers Mr. Robinson has drawn for us. I am an admirer of Lennox Robinson's work generally, and I still firmly believe that "The White-headed Boy" is one of the most perfect comedies ever written, but his last play falls far below his usual standard. It is simply a caricature of American small-town culture. It is badly constructed and dull in parts, the argument is obscure, and as a satire it literally misses fire. At times the genuine Lennox Robinson peeped out in flashes of graceful humor and one almost forgave him. I feel, however, that if Mr. Robinson goes to America again and stays there longer he will re-write "Ever the Twain."

The Gate Theatre Studio played for two feverish seasons in the little Peacock Theatre, originally intended as a trying-out place for the plays of young Abbey dramatists. The new company has just moved into its own theatre in the old Rotunda Concert Rooms, which have been "made over" in the modern manner. Its programs are international, for as they say: "It is essential that Ireland should see the work of other writers and other countries if only to further her understanding and appreciation of her own."

The two strong men of the Gate are Hilton Edwards and Michael MacLiammoir, both of them energetic young men with plenty of brain. MacLiammoir has the more creative mind. He is an artist, the designing of costumes and settings for most of the productions is to his credit, and he has also written a pleasant poetic play, "Diarmuid and Grianne," which had a success during their first season. Hilton Edwards possesses all the executive ability. He is producer in chief, and easily the most versatile actor in Dublin after F. J. McCormick of the Abbey. The Gate opened its season with an excellent production of Goethe's "Faust," which was followed by a less successful production of "Berkeley Square." "Mogu," a Persian Romantic comedy arranged specially for this theatre by Padraic Colum, is due for presentation soon.

The Gate theatre has justified its existence if only for its production of that remarkable first play, "The Old Lady Says—No!" an expressionistic drama of Dublin life by E. W. Tocher, this being the pseudonym of Mr. Denis Johnstone, a young Dublin barrister. It was an extremely interesting experiment, and an indication of what Mr. Johnstone may do in the future. His is undoubtedly one of the most fresh and original minds amongst the younger men. The play was frankly sensational, but it was always interesting, it was intensely alive, and it never failed to grip the attention for one moment. Mr. Johnstone has that deadly combination—a cruel and at times savage humor, accompanied by a penetrating insight into the follies and inconsistencies of the society he satirizes. At present he is too serious about being frivolous; however, when he has learnt a little tolerance and finds his own medium he will write something very good indeed. He is a giant in the making.

What of the older giants? Do they still stalk the land? W. B. Yeats lives in Italy most of the year and only comes to Dublin with the sun. Last year he gave us "Fighting the Waves," a one act poetic play with music, ballet, and masks. Some of the poet's loveliest verse was rendered completely inaudible by a welter of strange sounds—drums beating, tin cans rattling, and somebody wailing out of tune. A kind of bastard Stravinsky or "Sacrifice to Spring Cleaning." However, the masks and the dancing were strangely lovely.

Jack Yeats, his charming brother, strides vaguely round Dublin and paints pictures, which are more genuinely modern than those of the youngest graduate from the school of Art, and certainly more interesting. He has just published a book about Sligo which ought to be exciting reading, as Mr. Yeats knows his Sligo better than any artist alive.

Those older giants have learnt the secret of eternal youth. A. E. is still there, calm and benevolent, "distributing courage" even unto this cocksure generation. And the same spirit which sent him madly cycling down to Bray in a frenzy of youthful urge, to lecture about fairies and chemical manure to the bath chair habitués of that dreary seaside town, is in him still. Behind that placid exterior is a fighter whose rapier has not blunted with the years and whose vision is not dimmed by petty prejudices. Steering the "Irish Statesman" through the stormy seas of political and sectarian strife against financial difficulties and all the laws of libel was uphill work all the way.

Brinsley MacNamara remains an enigma.

(*Continued on page* 1050)

"KING MOB ought to be read. . . . I've read it once, and it is the sort of book that requires more than one reading. Not because the author's thesis is obscure. . . . It is a short book, and a very cleverly thought-out one, and as clearly presented. KING MOB requires rereading, *because it offers more exciting ideas to the page* than one can digest on the run. . . . It is controversial and it may err; but it never errs on the side of mere bluster or noise. . . . A brilliant performance. . . . *A guide to modernity*. . . . Read this book, my hearties, and see the world about you!"

—WALTER YUST in the *Philadelphia Ledger*.

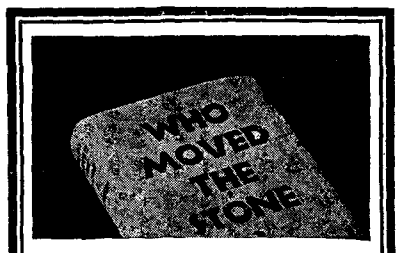
KING MOB

BY FRANK K. NOTCH

KING MOB is a violent, a vituperative, and an authoritative book (The author writes under a pseudonym) a cry of protest against the organized power of modern advertising, catch-words, and high-pressure salesmanship—*against the organized mob*. Book-clubs attacked by name, publisher's ads actually reproduced . . . the whole contemporary scene of "panicking the public," whether it be publishers or authors, critics or politicians or perfumers. We believe that this book will become a rallying-point for those who have been goaded to a revolt against the mass. $2.00

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES *says, "Mr. Notch probes like a surgeon with his knife to one of the cancerous growths in our American society."*

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 *Madison Avenue, New York*



I NEVER KNEW THAT THE BIBLE CONTAINED A MYSTERY STORY

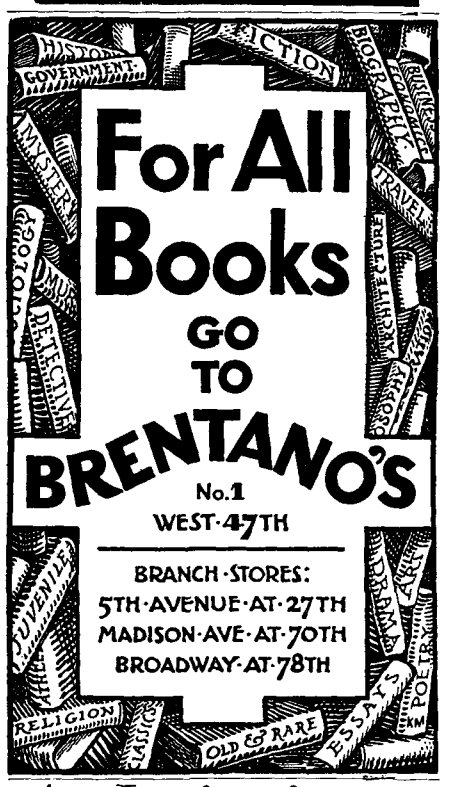
until I read this extraordinary deductive investigation into the disappearance of the body of Christ from its tomb after the Crucifixion. It is incredibly fascinating—a historical detective story.

WHO MOVED THE STONE?

By FRANK MORISON

At All Bookstores $2.50

THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Ave., N. Y.



For All Books GO TO BRENTANO'S

No. 1 WEST 47TH

BRANCH STORES:
5TH AVENUE AT 27TH
MADISON AVE AT 70TH
BROADWAY AT 78TH

An Invitation to Critical America

● Read ●

A PRIMER of AESTHETICS

By LOUIS GRUDIN

COVICI-FRIEDE ● *$3. At Bookstores*

COLLEGE COURSES AT HOME

Carry on your education. Develop power to initiate and achieve. Earn credit toward a Bachelor degree or Teaching Certificate *by correspondence*. Select from 450 courses in 45 subjects, including English, Mathematics, History, Education, Psychology, Economics, the Languages, etc. Write for catalog.

The University of Chicago
421 ELLIS HALL CHICAGO, ILL.

FIRST EDITIONS AND OTHER FINE AND RARE BOOKS

Catalogues from
R. FLETCHER, LTD.
23 New Oxford St., London WC1
England

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Anthropology

ARTISTS IN STRING. By *Kathleen Haddon*. Dutton. 1930. $2.20.

Art

CHATS ON OLD ENGLISH TOBACCO JARS. By *Reginald Myer*. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

CONFESSIONS IN ART. By HARRISON S. MORRIS. New York: Sears Publishing Company. 1930. $3.50.

With a light and jocular touch Mr. Harrison S. Morris reviews a career largely concerned with contemporary art and artists. His acquaintance has included most of the notables of his day, but he is equally partial to relative nobodys who voluntarily or involuntarily do amusing things. One welcomes the picture of aged and myopic Mr. Shippen blundering into the life class of the Pennsylvania Academy, suddenly becoming aware of the model and crying, "My God! She's alive!" Pleasant, too, is the glimpse of Albert Ryder showing his magnificent Jonah and squeaking out, "How do you like God?" Interesting, too, is the reminiscence of Booth utterly disgusted with his portrait by Sargent, and the painter instantly obliterating the face and retrieving the situation. Chase, Whistler, La Farge, Thayer, Rafelli, Pennell are among the artists treated. In general, the impressions are too brief and swift to permit of much richness, but the book in a chatty way is entertaining throughout.

THE PAINTER IN HISTORY. By ERNEST H. SHORT. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1930. $7.50.

This bulky encyclopædic work is baffling for a reviewer. It is based on much reading and on a generally sound taste, is the work of a person of culture. On the other hand, there is much careless writing, more errors of fact than should be, and the English part is overwritten beyond its importance in a general survey. In a sense it doesn't matter, for example, whether Winslow Homer retreated to Maine immediately after the Civil War or nearly twenty years later, but a couple of additional words would have stated the case correctly. To call La Farge "the Burne-Jones of America" is badly to misunderstand both artists. A survey of early German painting that barely mentions Gruenewald, and that slightingly, leaves much to be desired. It is doubtful news also that, about 1300, Giotto painted the four Franciscan allegories at Assisi. Mistakes of this sort abound, and deprive the book largely of any value for reference. On the better side, the author constantly and on the whole successfully tries to correlate the great schools of art with their respective civilizations. Possibly the inequalities and disproportions in this book may be due to its being based on lectures insufficiently revised for book publication. At any rate, that is the impression it makes.

Biography

EUGENE V. DEBS. A Man Unafraid. By *McAlister Coleman*. Greenberg. 1930. $3.50.

SOME ROYALTIES AND A PRIME MINISTER. By *Princess Marthe Bibesco*. Appleton. 1930. $3.

"IL DUCE." The Life and Work of Benito Mussolini. Translated by *Magda Vamos* from the Hungarian of *L. Kemechey*. New York: Richard R. Smith. 1930. $3.50.

ROGER WILLIAMS, PROPHET AND PIONEER. By *Emily Easton*. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $5.

LORD MELBOURNE. By *Bertram Newman*. Macmillan. 1930. $4.50.

MY THIRTY YEARS' WAR. By *Margaret Anderson*. Covici, Friede. 1930. $4.

THE GIFT OF GENIUS. By *Beverley Randolph Tucker*. Boston: The Stratford Co. 1930. $2.50.

MARY GLADSTONE. (MRS. DREW). HER DIARIES AND LETTERS. Edited by *Lucy Masterman*. Dutton. 1930. $6.

Fiction

THE BREED OF BASIL. By THOMAS BELL. New York: Robert M. McBride. 1930. $2.50.

Now and then a light comes, now and then there is a rift in the steady, formidable array of literary clouds, and when that blessed event occurs, there is concentrated rejoicing. Perhaps one overestimates the strength of the light in the flush of excitement—but that is neither here nor there. We are glad in the moments, and do not ask for more.

A young writer, by name Thomas Bell, has produced his first novel, "The Breed of Basil," and it is a delicious event. It is recounted during those moments when life is very pleasant, very young, very bold, and delicately colored, except for an occasional picking-out of scarlet in the Boccacio manner and flashing silver in the chivalric manner. Life can afford to be charming in such circumstances. And careless,—and vague also. Or perhaps misty is the better word,—misty as romantic idylls in the moonlight when nothing is quite real and everything wholly delightful.

Mr. Bell has succeeded in detaching himself, his book, his characters, from any misplaced definiteness. The setting is in Illyria, which may or may not be, and during a period which is quite undated. It is written with such insouciance and gayety, such apparent and elaborate pointlessness, that one is dangerously apt to overlook its underlying philosophy—the cake, as it were, beneath the icing. Illyria is, after all, the enchanting realm wherein youth—and philosophical age—may encompass themselves with magic and love and careless days, letting sorrow touch them only slightly, to be tossed away with a bold, grand gesture. Here one may recognize his glorious inner self which happiness alone can influence and which remains brightly the same regardless of what is happening to his outer self.

In Illyria is Brian, Duke of Malvern, the eternal ideal, moved by gayety, love, gravity, and love again—as ideals should be; Eleanore, the eternal enchantress, beautiful as stars and sunshine and falling snow flakes; Louis, who combined wisdom and gentle cynicism; Elizabeth, who was all warmth and friendliness; Francis, who, despite the author's intention, yet shares in the universal charm.

Plot, in the accepted sense, is so intangible as to be elusive. But plot seems to matter very little. Brian symbolized the fact that what is illicit and of love is frequently endowed with more grace and beauty than what is prescribed by law and convention, symbolized by Francis. Louis, who had loved a beautiful lady unlawfully and produced Brian, and not loved a dull lady lawfully and produced Francis, has the perpetual confrontation of those warring elements within him. Brian, true son of his parents, discovered that he could not be satisfied with either separately for completeness was the sum of his desires, and he found his realization in Eleanore of Lucé, whom Francis had also loved. But Francis had not the rich spirit, being the product of uninspiration, and so must perish. Thus the undesirable qualities are cleared away, and youth and beauty and delicious perfection are left untrammeled.

Mr. Bell, one would say, was a disciple of Cabell. His tempo is more moderated, though he tends towards the same mannerisms and occasional obscurity. Yet he has seized and created for himself a rich, brilliant style, sweeping, impetuously bold, Youth with his tongue in his cheek and yet moved by unexpected sagacity. It will be interesting to see his second novel.

ARUNDEL. By KENNETH ROBERTS. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.50.

Benedict Arnold's march to Quebec is the central episode of this novel. Through the eyes of one Steven Nason, a lad from Maine, we follow the expedition in its tortured, crawling progress up the Kennebec, across the northern forests and swamps, and finally to the St. Lawrence. We see Arnold's long wait for the supporting forces of General Montgomery, who is to come down the river from Montreal; and finally the ruinous assault on Quebec, New Year's Eve, 1775. These chapters are usually in the best tradition of the historical novel—imaginative, revealing, and convincing. The account of the unsuccessful storming of Quebec is especially good, a pitiful story of defeat. So much for the historical aspects of "Arundel."

The novel as a whole is an account of the boyhood, youth, and early maturity of this Steven Nason, whose home was the garrison house at Arundel, a tiny settlement on the Maine coast between Biddeford and Kittery. We learn the routine of the Arundel days, come to understand the friendly Indians, get the characteristic feel of the countryside. The pages record sights, sounds, smells—things to eat, things to wear, ways of traveling, ways of fighting; the writing is realistic in that it is a comprehensive catalogue of everyday life. Mr. Roberts with unflagging zest lays before us the minutiæ of the colonists' casual affairs, and he has humor, with a welcome spice of irony. Few historical novels give us as frequently as does "Arundel" the il-

(*Continued on next page*)

New Scribner Books

"A wizard's brew of words, poetry, invective, and lucid analysis."—*New York Herald Tribune.*

My Life

An Attempt at an Autobiography

by

Leon Trotsky

"To miss reading his fascinating record of an intellectual adventure would seem to me to indicate one's complete indifference to actual world history in the making."—*William Soskin* in the *New York Evening Post.* 600 *pages.* $5.00

"Above all, a good story."—*New York Times.*

Long Hunt

by

James Boyd

author of "Drums," "Marching On"

"A book as full of adventure as any 'Western, as thrilling as the most robust tales of the Northwest Mounted, as bloody as a Chicago May Day, that is nevertheless a work of art. . . . Long Hunt' adds very considerably to the literary stature of Mr. James Boyd."—*New York World.* $2.50

at your bookstore

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

"A Delicacy among the new books"

"It is a delicacy among the new books, considered for a moment as food, rare in these days... If you found pleasure in Julia Peterkin's *Black April* or in Howard Odum's *Rainbow Round My Shoulder* or if you are swept along by the current enthusiasm for Roark Bradford's *Ol' Man Adam* tales, you owe it to yourself to read *Black Genesis.* Read it anyhow, from 'kin to can't.'" —*Phila. Ledger*

BLACK GENESIS

By SAMUEL GAILLARD STONEY and GERTRUDE MATHEWS SHELBY

At All Bookstores $3.50 • Illustrated

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ~ N. Y.

"Stroke by stroke a new man emerges"

The Unknown Washington

"To read it is to travel again through a country which one has seen before only in the dusk and where now a spread light has come upon the things that are there."—*New York Evening Post.*

by John Corbin

454 pages. $4.00 Charles Scribner's Sons

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New MACMILLAN Books

"Amazing Story"

THE LAST FRONTIER

By Zack T. Sutley

"The Last Frontier holds a prodigal share of excitements, of bad men, of gun play; but it also celebrates those less sensational activities upon which the West actually thrived...Read the book by all means, if your interest takes you that way... It holds the qualities of truth and charm."—WALTER YUST in the *Philadelphia Ledger* $3.00

JOHNSON OF THE MOHAWKS

By Arthur Pound

In Collaboration with Richard E. Day

"Mr. Pound writes this story with a certain brilliancy and cleverness that one does not often find, and he seems to make this rigid Irishman stand out as hardly any biographer has been able to make the frontiersmen of those days stand out." —*New York Times* $5.00

The Biography of

THOMAS HARDY

By Florence Emily Hardy

The Later Years of Thomas Hardy which is uniform with *The Early Life of Thomas Hardy,* completes Mrs. Hardy's story of her husband's life and work. Diaries, conversations and letters have been freely drawn upon for material. The result is an intimate, interesting portrait of a great artist. Each volume $5.00; the set $10.00

BLACK GENESIS

By Samuel Gaillard Stoney and Gertrude Mathews Shelby

"Strange how refreshing these tales are...Without disparaging the work of contemporary artists, these folk-tales of the Gullah Negroes of the Carolina low country provide a nourishment to heart and mind that ninety-nine out of a hundred books lack...These are good stories; stories to be read aloud ...And so rich and to be lingered over is the Gullah vocabulary that every halt before a word or phrase but heightens the savor for the reader." —ERNESTINE EVANS, *in the New York Herald Tribune* Illustrated $3.50

THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

By Paul M. Warburg

Mr. Warburg was one of the originators of our central banking system. In this new book he tells the story of how the Federal Reserve System evolved, and, more important, advances some fundamental changes in its composition and its functions. Every business man and banker will find his observations of value. 2 vols. $12.00

At all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Avenue . . . New York

A STORM AT THE CROSSROADS

By Tristram Tupper

Six novelettes of six men who win through pain and defeat to their hearts' desire, and to the women who tangled their lives.

$2.50

LIPPINCOTT

Washington Square Philadelphia

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 1049)

lusion of living in past time. As Steven Nason goes about his chores, or to Cambridge to see Washington, or through the horrors of the march to Quebec, we often sense the eighteenth century as something actual and present. Against this background of social life and of history, there is a personal narrative: the love affairs of young Nason, and the complicated doings of his friends. This, the story aspect of the book, is good enough, though it is seldom definitely interesting.

There is only one thing the matter with "Arundel," but that one thing is a rather serious error of judgment. The novel is much too long. It lolls and expands in unbuttoned ease, and is apparently quite innocent of the blue pencil. It is almost a third longer than "Kenilworth," and four fifths the length of "Vanity Fair." We look askance at such extensiveness these days, especially when it seems to have been far from necessary.

CHARIOT WHEELS. By SYLVIA THOMPSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1929. $2.50.

Miss Thompson's "Chariot Wheels" is the sort of novel one is glad to have read. It is so very comprehensive a study of a certain type of man and of his relations with women, viewed from every direction with amazing acuteness and analytical power; and so very well written. But interesting and valuable though it is, it is not completely satisfying. Not till well past the middle of the book—perhaps not till past the end, and there has been opportunity to reflect—does the critical reader begin to understand the reason for the discontent in the back of his mind.

The story presents Lester Midge, a "spick little man in a bowler hat," who uses his love affairs with various women, including his wife, as material for his novels. His inordinate vanity is fed by his literary success and by his frequent amours; his wife Cressida, whose life tragedy is the theme of the book, is the "permanent victim" tied to his vanity's "chariot wheels." Cressida marries Lester in the beginning, instead of Robin for whom she really feels an intoxicating affinity, because of the glamor of Lester's fast-growing literary reputation, and driven toward him, too, by her parents' snobbish attitude toward him. Even on their honeymoon she cannot avoid seeing him as he is, "so brown and alive in a horrid tweed knickerbocker suit." And later, when she sees him absurdly "standing on tiptoe" to kiss Ruth de Freyne's mouth—this was after his affair with Fay Neilson, which happened right after Cressida had her baby—, and she finally reconciles herself, as well as she can, to Lester's loves ("I shall have an extra bed for Mrs. de Freyne put up in our room," she had declared), she continues to admire him and love him. The successive pettiness of Lester's character, the sentimental intricacies of his self-pitying and self-loving and pseudo self-analysis, are revealed by Miss Thompson with detached and inexorable precision. And side by side with him we see Cressida, simple and loyal and high-minded, gradually awakening to a clearer seeing of her husband, to a clearer realization of the utter misery of her life.

These two characters are well drawn indeed. And fairly well drawn, though they are types, are Lester's three mistresses, Fay Neilson, Ruth de Freyne, and Rosamond Avon,—and at the end of the book, with Cressida scarcely cold in the grave, the prospective fourth mistress, Lynette Denham.

But Robin Driscoll, the silent heroic self-sacrificing admirer of Cressida, keeping his lonely love to himself, but always on hand to sympathise, or play with baby Stella, becomes too perfect after a while. And the adroit omission of all scenes of birth, passion, and adultery, which for a long time one credits to a sophisticated ability to imply the obvious, becomes rather noticeable, finally. The book is a little too "wholesome," like a censor. In this direction, alas, lies sentimentality. What the author avoided by her technique of detached character analysis, she fell into by overstressing the theme. The choice of the symbolical names, Robin and Midge, probably began the subtle undermining of that attitude of shrewd impartiality toward her characters which she almost, but not quite, succeeded in maintaining to the end.

Dublin Letter

(*Continued from page* 1048)

He just gets there and something always happens to mar the effect. He started off with that grim novel, "The Valley of the Squinting Windows," which ran into several editions in England and America and evoked public demonstrations and legal actions on its first appearance. Then he wrote two of the funniest and most lighthearted comedies in the Abbey Theatre repertoire, which he followed up by a powerful, depressing and at times very dull play, "The Master." At present he is engaged on a new play, "A Grand House in the City," which is about Dublin life, and he has just finished a novel, "Return to Ebontheever" a story of Westmeath thirty-five years ago. Brinsley MacNamara is experimenting and when he has found himself he will write excellent plays. He is as much a contradiction in himself as he is in his work. He looks like a jolly, hearty, blue-eyed, black-haired farmer, and he is really the most moody, aloof, and unsociable of Dubliners. He rarely appears except at an Abbey first night.

Those two voluntary exiles, Sean O'Casey and Liam O'Flaherty, are both living in London. The Abbey directors have maintained a sinister calm over "The Silver Tassie." They have remained silent even when the London critics foamed over the London production of this amazing play and compared O'Casey very favorably to Shakespeare. I saw "The Silver Tassie" and thought it was a curiously uneven production. At times it was greater than anything O'Casey had ever done, and there were moments when I hoped he would never sink so low again—the telephone episode for instance. The acting was bad, except for Barry FitzGerald, and the production was inaccurate and stupid except in the extraordinary second act. O'Casey has only produced one play since he went to London, and "Juno" still remains his masterpiece.

As for O'Flaherty, he still continue write his powerful studies of brutes sentences of one word, and words of syllable. Where is the author of "The Informer" and "Spring-Sowing"? Gone, submerged beneath a wave of popularity, but perhaps he will come back to us with a renewal of sincerity. I hope so. He is too valuable to lose in the minor mælstroms of Chelsea and Bloomsbury.

The Dublin-Paris alliance progresses. "Transition" circulates timorously in cultured Dublin drawing rooms. Of course we are not allowed to buy it here. It has to be smuggled in by some enterprising intellectuals. The Irish contributors are numerous. Tom McGreevy, Sam Beckett, Stella Steyn, Lyle Donaghy, and the Master James Joyce himself. Indeed Dublin at present serves as a kind of intellectual nursery for Paris, from which some graduate brilliantly, some merely achieve eccentricity, and others do not graduate at all. A first in modern languages—Suburban Irish, French, and Joyce is essential. A more than passing knowledge of music is required. One must develop a jargon and express a strong desire to die to the strains of Bach or "Der Rosenkavalier." Buy a green carnation and a third single to Paris.

Meanwhile we who live in Dublin all the year round—possibly because we must, probably because we wish—love it very dearly. All the simple delights; the hawthorns in the Phoenix Park; the rhododendrons at Howth; Nelson's Pillar; Killiney Bay; Christmas carols in St. Patrick's; the Hell-Fire Club; all these things have become part of us. An intellectual backwater possibly. Giants have walked these streets and still walk them in the sun. We who can buy the mountains for sixpence and half an hour in an irresponsible bus would not barter Dublin for all Chelsea or Montparnasse in its entirety.

The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 85.—A First Prize of ten dollars and a Second Prize of five dollars are offered for the best Sea Chanties to be sung by the first-class passengers on a modern liner. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of May 19.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

E. B. W., New York, asks what we have in English on the life of Ludwig II, patron of Wagner.

GUY DE POURTALÈS, author of "Polonaise" (Holt) a dramatic yet reliable life of Chopin, and a psychologically interesting Franz Liszt" (Holt) completed this trilogy of musical biographies with his "The Mad King" (Holt), a tragic report on abnormal psychology, with romantic features. The three books may be read quite separately, but fit together well.

F. R., Cincinnati, O., asks for books on what are commonly known as Play Schools, assemblages of children (under supervision) from two to five; these books should give a general survey of the movement, setting forth its possible disadvantages as well as its advantages.

'CHILDREN IN THE NURSERY SCHOOL," by Harriet Merrill Johnson (Day), is a complete exposition of the subject. Miss Johnson corresponds in this country to Margaret McMillan in England, whose noble work "The Nursery School" is published here by Dutton. The twenty-eighth year book of the National Society for the Study of Education is devoted to "Pre-School and Parental Education" and this has a section on Nursery Schools (Public School Publishing Co.) "Pre-School Education, a historical and Critical Study," by Ilse Forest (Macmillan) is an excellent historical account of the movement, going back to 1600 and coming to modern times. There are fourteen or fifteen pages of bibliography in the Forest book.

A. T., Lynchburg, Va., asks for material for a club that will make its program for a year from the work of authors awarded the Nobel Prize.

ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE'S "The Nobel Prize Winners in Literature" (Appleton) was prepared with this call in mind, and answers it admirably. As it appeared in 1926, it covers most of the field; publishers who have harbored prize-winners since then have celebrated with pamphlets about them, so there will be no difficulty in going on where the book stops. Add to this the biography "Nobel: Dynamite and Peace," by Ragnar Sohlman and Henrik Schuck (Cosmopolitan), a study of the curious duality of the aims and ideals of the institutor of the prize.

E. R. N., of the Stamford Bookstore, Stamford, Conn., who comes to the help of this department in many tight places, says that in Duryea's "Gardens in and about Town" (Dutton), a large illustrated book, there is lots of roof-garden information, and that Pennington's "A Woman Rice Planter" (Macmillan) is South Carolina information of the best, such as was lately called for.

MY experience with a bee in the middle of Morningside, stark with the cold, has had far repercussions: the Virgil celebration now in progress vibrates in unison. My friend T. W. Huntington, Director of The Italian Literary Guide Service, writing from his villa garden in Anacapri, invokes his Virgil's

"Heroic scenes upon a puny scale,
Great-hearted leaders and a finished frame
Of manners, aims, and social grades, and wars"

and tells me that there is still a word to be said on the subject of bee-keeping, to be added to my advice to A. E. H. (*Sat. Rev.* Dec. 14, 1929).

"From Virgil to the present day the Italians have vindicated the noble life of the bee; and if one reads Italian," says Mr. Huntington, "there is no book so compact or practical as Guiseppe Montagano's *Le Api e il Miele* (Catania, Battiato, 1918). It is filled with suggestions for those whose hives count stomach-rubbing as one of the fine arts among their finished frame of manners." Beneath the warm, midday, Mediterranean sunshine of February and March the bees come bundling out of their hives, buzzing and singing and making a 'bee-line' for the blazing, golden mimosa tree. Pretty soon they want a drink and so they cross over the garden to the rock fountain among the periwinkles. But some of them, creeping too near the perilous depths, go tumbling down among rocks and moss; Mrs. Huntington extracts them from their predicament, lays them prone in the sunshine lifeless and 'dead.' Pretty soon one, then another, rolls over onto his feet and comes to life; these few great-hearted leaders promptly jump onto the tummies of their 'dead' fellows, punch and push and rub and thump, back they all come to life,

"and on the hot work runs,
And fragrant combs are redolent of thyme."

THE Rev. Benson Heale Harvey, Canon Missioner of the Cathedral of Saint Marie and Saint John, Manila, Philippine Islands, writes "I am requesting my mother who is at Lake Wales, Florida, for the winter, to send Willa Cather's 'My Antonia' to the friend in Poland mentioned by you in *The Saturday Review* for November 30. Of course I have no idea how many copies of the *Review* come to the Phillippines but I know that two are very welcome. Mine frequently reaches me as I travel throughout the archipelago searching for and ministering to isolated white folks. Just yesterday I had a letter from one man who wrote that he and his wife and one other white man have not seen a white man since I was there the eighteenth of October and that his wife has not seen a white woman since her sister sailed for Australia on the first day of July. His letter was three weeks on the way, nearly as long as this one will be. The other copy goes to one of our priests, a Williams man of '23 who is seventy-two kilometers (about forty miles) from an automobile road and then a day's journey to white folks. He is ministering to natives while I deal entirely with the isolated folk of our own race. The *Review* does have a real place in our lives. Your Guide is by no means the least important feature."

The first reply to the call for information about the New York Elevated before it was electrified came from *Robert M. Huston, Brooklyn, N. Y.*, who says: "In the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* magazine section, Jan. 12, 1930, was an article on 'The Elevated Silent Safety' which had one illustration showing the Borough Hall station in Brooklyn with the steam locomotive train standing at the station. There is one illustration in a book 'The Story of Rapid Transit,' by B. Willson, available at the Montague Branch of the Brooklyn Public Library, which shows a stretch of track and a steam train: it faces page 188 in the book. The New International Encyclopedia mentions the early El briefly, vol. xix, p. 502. I remember reading, (I know not where,) several years ago, that the old El locomotives were the first used on the railroads of Alaska. I know the locomotives were mentioned, but I don't recall mention of any other rolling stock. I do know, however, that in 1925 there were some of the old open El cars (the kind with the seats straight across the car with a waist-high gate operated from the car platform) stored out near Long Island City. That was five years ago, and they are probably gone now. The elevated roads in New York and Brooklyn are the only ones in this country that were operated by steam. Those in Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia were not operated until after the introduction of electrical power."

Then *Ernest F. Griffin, Tarrytown, N.Y.*, wrote: "The book entitled 'The Most Remarkable Robbery of Modern Times,' by Stephen O. Jennings, published in 1880, contains a description of the elevated railway in its inception. There is a reproduction of the timetable of Nov. 14, 1870, which states that trains left Twenty-ninth Street at 6 a. m. and hourly thereafter and arrived at Dey Street twenty minutes later. The fare was ten cents and on 'artisan trains' five cents. It also stated that over 20,000 passengers had already been conveyed without injury. In 'Macoy's Centennial Guide of New York,' dated 1876, there is a description of the elevated railroad."

A new and interesting periodical is *The Miscellany*, published six times a year at 26 West 9th Street, New York City, by its editors, Frederick W. Dupee, Geoffrey T. Hellman, Dwight Macdonald, and George L. K. Morris. The subscription price is two dollars a year, and all contributions are paid for. The magazine is printed by The Haddon Craftsmen, Inc., of Camden, N. J. There are articles, poems, stories, book reviews, and miscellaneous notes, some written by the editors, some contributed.

Tharlane

by Dorothy Cottrell

The author of "The Singing Gold" writes a magnificent novel of modern pioneering in Australia. It is an epic story of a wild life and an unconquerable race. $2.50.

★

Charlemagne

by Charles Edward Russell

He found Europe a seething mad-house of misrule and left it reduced to order, method and sanity. Mr. Russell paints a singularly vivid portrait of one of the most vital characters in all history. Illustrated, $4.00.

★

Roger Williams

by Emily Easton

He defied the Puritans, made friends with the Indians, and founded a new state dedicated to religious freedom. This is a readable and yet authentic account of a great man. Illustrated, $5.00.

★

Turenne

by General Max Weygand

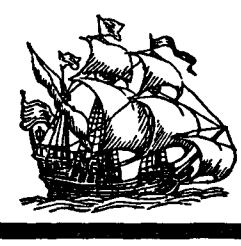
This is the life story of Turenne, Marshal of France, the great soldier whose military genius dominated the Thirty Years War. Illustrated, $3.50.

★

Poetry and Poets

by Amy Lowell

"These stimulating essays are rich in sensitivity and poetic feeling. They are also marked by intelligence and common sense." The Outlook. $2.25.



Houghton Mifflin Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now

$1. a copy

complete and unabridged in

THE

Sun Dial Library

One of the most effective horror Stories ever written

DRACULA

By Bram Stoker

Wilkie Collins'

famous detective story

THE MOONSTONE

Three Outstanding Books By

Joseph Conrad

VICTORY ‖ LORD JIM

YOUTH

Jim Tully's *Hollywood Novel*

JARNEGAN

Two of the Popular Books By

Christopher Morley

THE HAUNTED BOOKSHOP ‖ PARNASSUS ON WHEELS

William McFee's

famous novels

COMMAND

CASUALS OF THE SEA

And Distinguished Books By

H. G. Wells Somerset Maugham

Aldous Huxley Elinor Wylie

and many others

$1. A COPY

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

or postpaid from the publishers

Send for a Complete List

THE SUN DIAL LIBRARY

20 EAST 57th STREET ❖ NEW YORK CITY

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins & Gilbert M. Troxell.

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

Recent "Limited Editions Club" Books

SNOW-BOUND. By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Designed by CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS. Large octavo, Goudy modern type, Hadrian all rag paper, paper boards, cloth back, stamped in white.

THE NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM. By EDGAR ALLEN POE. Designed by FRED ANTHOENSEN. Illustrations by RENÉ CLARK. Large octavo, linotype Scotch Roman type, special water marked paper, cloth back and sides, stamped in black.

TWO MEDIÆVAL TALES [A Lodging for the Night and The Sire de Malétroit's Door], by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Designed and illustrated by CHARLES B. FALLS. Small quarto, Jenson type, wove paper, leather, gold and blind stamping.

THE DECAMERON OF GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO, newly translated by FRANCES WINWAR. Designed and decorated by THOMAS M. CLELAND. Large quarto, Poliphilus type in two columns, toned laid paper, full cloth, gold stamped black label, stained edges.

THE above volumes, the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh of the series, afford an opportunity to review the purpose and accomplishment of the Limited Editions Club. The first three volumes have already been reviewed in this column.

It seemed apparent when Mr. Macy's plan was first announced that there would be considerable variety in the finished books, and that necessarily some of them would be worth more than the asking price of $10, and that some of them would be worth less. In particular, the taste of the subscribers would dictate preferences among the selected titles, and in respect to the treatment of each. But the plan was a generous one in that it permitted and encouraged each designer to work out his ideas with almost unlimited freedom; the publisher's guiding hand was a light one, and the designer had little to complain of. At the same time, the price of $10 seemed fair enough in view of the very high prices for very ordinary printing which has distinguished the so-called fine book production of the past few years.

The four books now before me differ radically in almost every way that a book can be built—paper, type, binding, arrangement. But each has certain distinguishing characteristics due to the individuality of the designer. "Modernism" has so far had no place in the books: even René Clark, the most likely of all those represented to do such work, has not gone beyond the limits of the usual methods in his work. Mr. Fall's Stevenson, set in Jenson type—

In Jenson type my printer knows
The height of typographic pose:
Its black face letters cross the page,
Like mummers of a by-gone age,
In solemn, sad, funereal rows,—

is something of a shock to post-Morris days. But the book has individuality, and that is a good deal for it to have. "Snow-Bound" is set in a type face hitherto never used for a book, I believe, and the designer of that particular type looks ill every time he thinks of such use! Nevertheless it gives a "snowy" look to the page which no other type would impart. I shall be accused of partiality if I say that I like the binding of "Snow-Bound" best of the four: however, let it go that I do. The one objection to "Snow-Bound" that I find (and I leave out of consideration the open question of the literary value of the poem and the desirability of reprinting it!) is that the format is too large for a short poem.

Each book is equipped with an introduction: "Snow-Bound" with one by George Bryan, "Arthur Gordon Pym" by Joseph Wood Krutch, "Two Mediæval Tales" by Claude Hamilton, and the "Decameron" by Burton Rascoe. I am not at all sure that these introductions are necessary or particularly important, but possibly for classics reintroduced to a new generation of readers they will serve a useful if subordinate purpose. What is more important is that the editions are full and from authentic texts.

Of the four books listed (and indeed of all the books so far issued in the series) I regard Mr. Cleland's "Decameron" as the most important and the best piece of book making. So far as I know it is the most satisfactory edition of Boccaccio's stories which has been printed. The type is good, the format is attractive, and Mr. Cleland has very wisely refrained from any attempt at illustration, confining himself to appropriate decorations in his usual competent style. Of Miss Winwar's style I am not competent to judge, farther than that it is not archaic, and that it reads smoothly and interestingly. This edition of the "Decameron" is excellent in every way, and is a good library edition to have. It alone, if that were necessary, justifies the plan of the Club.

If the "Decameron" merits high praise, it can be said for all of these books that they are well and readably gotten up, and taken all together they form an important publishing venture. I look forward expectantly to the succeeding issues, confident that out of the dozen volumes planned for the first year at least two or three will be first class in every respect, while none of them is so inferior as to make the subscribers regret their purchases. R.

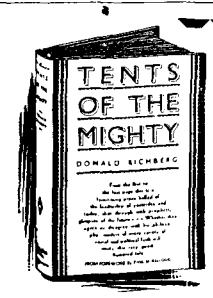
Two Manuals on Book Manufacture

THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF BOOKS. By J. HOWARD WHITEHOUSE. London: Allen & Unwin. 1929.

THE BUILDING OF A BOOK. Edited by FREDERICK H. HITCHCOCK. New York: R. R. Bowker Co., 1929.

I HAVE repeatedly been asked to give succinct advice on how to design books. Such advice is impossible to give in short compass, and difficult to give anyway. Morris's essay in the volume "Essays by Members of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society," Cobden-Sanderson's "Book Beautiful," and such general and philosophical treatises seem to me to best fill the need for such information. A practical working knowledge of type and presswork,

(*Continued on next page*)



"What is worth fighting for in American life?"

TENTS OF THE MIGHTY

By DONALD RICHBERG

A REALISTIC Chronicle by a lawyer of national fame, of years of intimate encounters with Roosevelt, Insull, Jane Addams, La Follette, Bryan, Darrow and many others in the strangely mixed field of national life.

READERS OF EVERY variety of social and political faith will be fascinated by this biographical, historical and prophetic book.

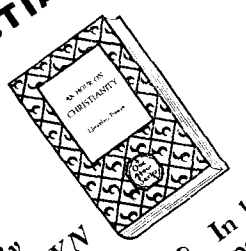
$2.50 at Bookstores or from

WILLETT, CLARK & COLBY, Publishers

440 South Dearborn Street, Chicago
200 Fifth Avenue · New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN HOUR ON CHRISTIANITY



By LLEWELYN POWYS

Is Christianity weakening? In his exquisite English a brilliant apostate discusses a modern view of the greatest western religion. $1.00

LIPPINCOTT
Washington Square
Philadelphia

The Complete Collector

(Continued from page 1052)

purely as crafts, supplemented by a few generalizations on the book as an ornamental tool, is all the professional training which one can have before one starts out to design and make a book oneself.

Mr. Whitehouse's little manual is perhaps the better of these two volumes because it does not attempt very much, and because it reflects the opinions of one man. His chapters are short and pungent, and his advice and recommendations are generally sound and logical. That he does not go into infinite detail is explained by the fact that these chapters first appeared in the "Times Literary Supplement" and because, I suspect, he realized the futility of attempting anything like completeness for such a manual.

Mr. Hitchcock's book is compiled in an entirely different way. The thirty-five chapters are compiled by men long actively connected with the different branches of printing and publishing: the topics range from The Making of Type to Selling by Subscription, the well-known names include printers like the late J. Stearns Cushing, binders like Henry Blackwell, and librarians like Arthur E. Bostwick. The defects of this method of presentation are obvious. Some repetition is inevitable. The advantages are a series of fairly authoritative detached essays on the various phases of book manufacture and merchandizing. As brief accounts of the many angles of the subject, the essays are informative. The present book is a reissue, thoroughly revised and enlarged, of the first edition published in 1906. R.

Four American Books

MESSRS. R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO., The Lakeside Press, Chicago, announce the publication during the year 1930 of four important contributions to the program of American publishers.

Melville's "Moby Dick," illustrated by Rockwell Kent. Three volumes. $52. June.

Poe's "Tales," illustrated by William A. Dwiggins. $15. August.

Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," illustrated by Edward A. Wilson. $15. July.

Thoreau's "Walden," illustrated by Rudolph Ruzicka. $15. November. R.

by L. Kemechey

IL DUCE

Human, colorful, dramatic, this searching biography moves with the dynamic tempo of Mussolini himself. To the author, now dead, Mussolini was the ideal man, who lives to rule, to act, to create. Kemechey writes with a deep knowledge and burning interest about his hero's fight for a new Italy.

$3.50

At your bookstore

Richard R. Smith, Inc.
12 East 41st Street
New York, N. Y.

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICES

AMERICANA

TWO INTERESTING CATALOGUES issued. Americana; general literature. Simons, 244 East Third Street.

NEW CATALOGUE Americana genealogy and local history mailed free. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue, New York.

ART

ETCHINGS, AND OTHER ORIGINAL prints, artists' proofs, of connoiseur quality, from THE ARTISTS' SHOP, acting for a group of competent painter-etchers and print makers associated with THE BROWN COUNTY ARTISTS' COLONY. Booklet with illustrations and the story of the Colony upon request. THE ARTISTS' SHOP, Nashville, Brown County, Indiana.

ART BOOKS

ART BOOKS: We wish to announce our spring catalogue of out of print and new books on the fine and applied arts. Send for priced catalogue of over 2000 unusual volumes, gathered from many sources here and abroad. Goodspeed's Book Shop, Department 2At, 7 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.

AUTOGRAPHS

COLLECTORS OF AUTOGRAPHS, rare books, modern first editions, etc., should write to The Autograph Agency, 31 and 33 High Holborn, London, England, for catalogues which will be sent free on request. With each catalogue will be sent particulars of The Young Collectors Club, a newly formed organization to help young collectors who have not yet left school for college.

BARGAIN OFFERS

DAUBER & PINE Bookshops announce the purchase of the important collection of art books forming the private library of the late Hans Mischke. The collection contains upwards of fifteen hundred distinct titles comprising books on Printing, Engraving, Etching, Lithography, Wood-Engraving, Illumination, Book-Binding. Books on Book-plates, Miniatures, several hundred beautiful Color Plate Books, as well as Arms and Armour, Colored Costumes, Kelmscot and Other Private Press Books, every conceivable branch of the artists' craft is represented in this unusual collection. These books, all moderately priced, are on exhibition and offered for sale in our Main Store. Catalogues will be issued later which will be sent free on application, but to those desiring to secure the choicest and scarcest items of this unusually fine collection we earnestly suggest an early visit to our shop, which is open until 10 p.m. every weekday. Dauber & Pine Bookshops, 66 Fifth Ave., 12th Street, New York City.

BARGAIN OFFERS

DRASTIC REDUCTIONS: New Books. Beard's Toward Civilization, $2.35; Waugh's Hot Countries, $2.35; Proust's Captive, $1.95; Boyd's Long Hunt, $1.95; Coulson's Mata Hari, $2.35; Carpenter's Iolaus, $1.50; Mussolini's Cardinal's Mistress, $1.00; Conrad's Nature of a Crime, $1.00; Pearson's Queer Books, $1.50; Stendhal's Lamiel, $1.50. Free Bargain catalogue GRYPHON BOOK COMPANY, 10321-116 Street, Richmond Hill, New York.

THE ATLANTIC BOOK COMPANY offers brand new book-bargains including limited editions at half price and less. Send for catalogue. 6 East 46th Street, New York.

20% DISCOUNT; ANY BOOK published. Book Bazaar, 1743—47th Street, Brooklyn.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES. List free. Salisbury's, 78 East 10th Street, New York.

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 145 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOK BINDING

EXPERT HAND BOOKBINDING and Casemaking for First Editions or Autographs, Exclusive Best Imported Materials. Restoration and all forms of Scientific Book Reclamation. Period Modernist and Conventional Designs. Prices on request. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., 240 West 23rd Street, New York City.

BOOK PLATES

COPPER PLATE STYLE $4 to $5 per hundred. Send 10 cents for sample. Frank E. Bittner, 251 High Street, Nutley, N. J.

BOOKS FOR WRITERS

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE of the Writer's Library, sample copy of The Writer's Monthly and particulars of Dr. Essenwein's famous forty-lesson course in Short-Story Writing free; write today. The Home Correspondence School, Dept. 88, Springfield, Mass.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS AND AUTOGRAPHS material of modern authors. Advise us of your particular interests and we will send specially prepared list of quotations. Catalogues issued. Phoenix Book Shop, Inc., 41 East 49th Street, New York City.

FIRST EDITIONS

ILLUSTRATIONS to Edgar Allan Poe. From Drawings by Aubrey Beardsley. Privately Printed for the Aubrey Beardsley Club, Indianapolis, 1926. One of 107 copies printed for Members Only. Bound in cloth, with Design by Beardsley. A Rare and Extraordinary Item. $13.50. A. D. Barter, 102 North Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

A LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS from the Walden Book Shop, 546 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, will be sent upon request, as well as quotations on any books especially sought for by the individual collector.

GELBER, LILIENTHAL, INC., 336 Sutter Street, San Francisco, offer a complete set Nonesuch Press; Rare First Editions; Association Copies; Californiana.

FIRST EDITIONS AND AMERICANA. Catalogues on request. Wyman C. Hill, 9 Haynes Court, Leominster, Mass.

FOREIGN BOOKS

FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, Spanish books and periodicals. Catalogues. Books for the study of all languages. Our experience of over seventy years will serve you. Schoenhof's, 387 Washington, Boston, Mass.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 W. 96th Street, (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Low Prices. Catalogues 5 cents (stamps).

FRENCH BOOKS OF ALL FRENCH Publishers; over 500,000 in stock. Lowest prices. Catalogues 20 cents (stamps). The French Bookshop, 556 Madison Avenue, at 56th Street. "New York's Largest French Bookshop."

GENERAL

ODD CURIOS unusual and extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Book Shop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

BOOKS ANCIENT AND MODERN. Interesting catalogue free. Howes, Bookseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England.

LITERARY SERVICES

HAVE YOU A STORY FOR THE TALKIES? Accepted any form except unproduced plays. Marketing, revision copyright protection. Established 1928. DANIEL O'MALLEY CO., Suite S, 1776 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a speciality. Twenty-five years' experience as writer, editor, publisher. Helpful text-books. Catalogue. James Knapp Reeve and Agnes M. Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY agent. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York City.

STORY IDEAS FOR PHOTOPLAYS, talking pictures, magazines. Accepted any form for revision, development, copyright and submission to markets. Established 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 411 Western and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections. Publications planned. Editor literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY, Literary Coach and Author's Agent. Stilwater, New Jersey.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT Books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

PRINTING

PRIVATELY PRINTED EDITIONS handsomely and economically produced under the direction of a well-known book designer. Beekman Hill Press, 18 Beekman Place, New York.

RARE BOOKS

RARE BOOKS AND AUTOGRAPHS for sale. Interesting catalogue free. Atkinson, 188 Packham Rye, London, England.

STAMPS

WANTED. Old letters with postmarks, 1660 to 1860 only. STAMPLESS COVERS, 630 Whitney, New Haven, Conn.

SCHEDULES OF RATES

ADVERTISING RATES for this classified page are as follows: for twenty consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 7 cents a word; for any less number of insertions 10 cents a word. The forms close on Friday morning eight days before publication date. Address Department GH, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York, or telephone BRYant 0896.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers*, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York

Moving *The Inner Sanctum* from Thirty-Seven West 57th Street to the new headquarters at 386 Fourth Avenue seems to warrant a little indulgence in the out-moded but tempting luxury of growing shamelessly sentimental.

The six years at 57th Street were infinitely exciting and memorable, crowded with Great Moments and touched at chastening intervals with disenchantment.

There at the northernmost frontier of Manhattan publishing, on January 2nd, 1924, Your Correspondents set up shop with high hopes and adolescent ideas galore, but not a single manuscript or contract. . . . There twenty-four hours later, by an unpredictable break of chance, came the Big Idea for a book of cross-word puzzles. . . . There, through a poker game and a persistent affection for Plato, came WILL DURANT with the manuscript for *The Story of Philosophy*. . . . There, through the intuitive genius of ETHELREDA LEWIS and JOHN GALSWORTHY, came an old Visitor from Africa to hawk a battered old gridiron and receive world fame as a price. . . .

There, from the wood-lawn that frames the Danube, came the idyllic tale of a forest deer, *Bambi*, published *con amore* for a few friends, and acclaimed at last by more than a hundred thousand readers. . . . There came the grave and glowing tales of ARTHUR SCHNITZLER to attain a new and wider renown. . . . There came the continental glory of FRANZ WERFEL to win critical esteem in America and the melancholy distinction of being a noble Worst Seller. . . . There came a modest French abbé with a modest little essay on *The Art of Thinking*. . .

There came JOHN COWPER POWYS, "his head staggering with glory" as the world hailed *Wolf Solent*. . . . There came JOAN LOWELL breathlessly blurting out a sea-farin' yarn—and becoming at the height of her fame the center of a raging storm of controversy. . . . There *The Inner Sanctum* personally held her back by sheer force as she started to demolish her inquisitors with salty epithets and furious uppercuts. . . . There came the endlessly amazing BOLITHO to chart the trajectory of *Twelve Against the Gods*. . . . There came Curiosity's Passionate Henchman, Robert L. Ripley, to immortalize the phrase "*believe it or not*." . . . There came DAT OLE DAVIL McEVOY to play fast and ANITA LOOS [*phrase copyrighted*] with all best-seller records. . . . There came Professor WALTER B. PITKIN, to tell of *The Twilight of the American Mind* and *The Psychology of Happiness*. . . .

There came EDDIE CANTOR to stage the Cantor-Rockefeller Rally on November 13th, 1929. . . . There came the world's greatest bridge player, SIDNEY S. LENZ and SILAS F. SEADLER, the GENGHIS KHAN of Anagrams. . . . There came books that clicked and books that flopped, for reasons far, far too humorous to mention. . . . There came best sellers for the moment, and best sellers for the years . . . duds for the moment and duds for the years.

That is the 1929 pace which 57th Street has set for 386 Fourth Avenue, and a hint of the reminiscent thrills now agitating the homesick heart of

—ESSANDESS.

by Gordon Stowell

BUTTON HILL

A brilliant first novel—June choice of the Book League of America. The story of an English suburban community and its powerful influence upon the life of the leading characters. Racy, humorous, vivid, absorbing. $2.50

Out May 20th
At your bookstore

Richard R. Smith, Inc.
12 East 41st Street
New York, N. Y.

ONE thing we missed on May 6th was an airplane "tea" party given for and by *Mary Dahlberg*, author of an adventure novel, "Dagger," which Duffield and Company published. We were so busy we couldn't get over to join those who "tea'd" five thousand feet above 42nd Street. Among them were Mrs. Dahlberg, *Rosika Dolly*, *Donald Adams* of the *New York Times*, *Count Morner*, *Horace Green*, the President of Duffield, *Isabel Paterson*, *Harry Salpeter*, *Katherine Ulrich* and others. Mrs. Dahlberg lives in Chicago and had just flown east from Los Angeles. It was the last lap of her trip through five countries. . . . On the fourteenth The Viking Press gave a luncheon for *Mr. and Mrs. Réné Fülöp-Miller*, who arrived in this country last Monday. The lunch was given in the Palm Court at the Ritz-Carlton. . . .

The latest volume by the indefatigable *Edgar Rice Burroughs*, inventor of Tarzan of the Apes, will be "Tanar of Pellucidar," to be published by Metropolitan Books, Inc. on May 29th. Tanar's realm lies at the hollow core of the earth where dwell the Buried People, gigantic reptiles, saber-toothed tigers, and ferocious cave-bears. Mr. Burroughs also introduces into this new volume some pirates known as Korsars, whose chief is called The Cid. But why not the Corsairs and be done with it? . . .

Ethel Mannin has recently written an article concerning *Louis Marlow* and his wife *Ann Reid*, two English authors whom we found pleasure in meeting several times when we were in London. Mr. Marlow's "Love by Accident" has just been published here by Doubleday, Doran. His wife is the author of "We are the Dead" and "Love Lies Bleeding." Marlow is very tall, with sorrel hair; and Ann Reid is, as Miss Mannin says "lovely as a small delicate porcelain doll. . . ."

Gordon Stowell's "Button Hill" published by Richard R. Smith has been chosen by The Book League of America for June. Mr. Stowell starts his English chronicle in 1894 and ends it at the present day. . . .

The Talking Picture Publishing Company is a new concern at 7 East 42nd Street which has been organized with the purpose of publishing only plays written directly for the screen. It is predicted that a new school of writers will specialize in this form. The company's first offering to the public will be "Broken Melody," by *M. J. Spivack*, who has invented a special technique for the new medium and is also claimed to be the inventor of a new kind of music suitable only for the audible screen. The publication date of his script was yesterday.

We have been meaning to print the remarks of *Harry F. Marks* of 31 West 47th Street, who wrote in the end of February, when we were abroad, saying that he has the sole rights and is the sole agent for all the publications of the Black Sun Press, whose Paris office is Deux Rue Cardinale. We should have made this correction of a former statement of ours some time ago.

Again we present to you a poem by our own *Sylvia Satan* of Newark, N. J.:

MUSIC

In this purple city the opal of changing lights
Gleams through a dim slow silver like slanting of rain;
To the windows come the faces occult in dream
Who wait in gardens or wander along on the heath.
Riotous discord in silver slashes of sound
Confused in crowds that hail the chariots' speed,
Or riders jangling their spurs, or gorge caravans, baled
With piled-up jewels and sweet-scented spices, and gold.
Here in the city the radiant lonely walk
With shut-eyed faces smiling, smiling, to see
The other shut-eyed Lonely, waving their uttering hands.
Here are the dreamers building their toppling courts
In tinkle of rhythm on rhythm of golden and silver tiles
With massy foundations hewn out of ultimate Rock.
Here are the strong brave mates with eyes true-shining
Here are the voices that calm and the hands that know;
In the veiled procession are striders in solemn pride;
The piercing sweetness of love that is not passion,
The dusty whirlwind of passion that is not love;
The dancers, insolent-poised in the purple city.
Only one sound may come that tremors the windows
Till the stallions rear and the children wait with wonder
And the stars sway far and pull at their ebony trappings. . . .
Only one sound outside of the walls of the castles
And all the torches and dances and fires and frolic of joy—
Till the face of a man or a woman shivers in tears. . . .
Only one sound . . . the sound of far-off piping.

Elizabeth, daughter of *Mr. F. S. A. Lowndes* and *Mrs. Belloc Lowndes* recently married in London *The Earl of Iddlesleigh* at Westminster Cathedral. They will live in Mayfair. . . .

If you wish to know all about Broadway in compact fashion *Sidney Skolsky's* "Times Square Tintypes," (Washburn) is the book to get. In this volume you are briefly introduced to such as *Ziegfeld*, *Roxy*, *Texas Guinan*, *Cohan*, *Elmer Rice*, *Eddie Cantor*, *Helen Morgan*, and many others. You get an outline of their peculiarities and predilections and of what they became famous for; and Grad's caricatures of them are excellent likenesses. . . .

Frank Ernest Hill has done a remarkable job in translating into modern English verse "The Prologue and Four Tales with The Book of the Duchess and Six Lyrics" from *Chaucer's* Canterbury Tales. Longmans, Green and Company have published the volume and it is tastefully illustrated by *Herman Rosse*. . . .

We have recently read, quite a while after publication, "The Strayed Lamb" by *Thorne Smith* (Cosmopolitan) an occasionally highly amusing and utterly fantastic yarn about a gentleman who gets transmogrified into a horse, a sea-gull, a lion, and so on. Good light summer reading. There are a number of amusing moments in it. . . .

Up at Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., the scion of the Chrysler car and grandson of Standard Oil have produced "The Five Arts, Volume I., Number I." "The Five Arts" features drawings, a satirical poem, a one-act play, a long short story, a reproduction of sculpture in wood, and a fragmentary musical score. The editors, Mr. *Walter P. Chrysler, Jr.*, and Mr. *Nelson A. Rockefeller* believe that colleges should allow more time for creative work in the arts. It is interesting to note how the pendulum swings and how the descendants of industrial magnates turn to artistic expression, even though merely as *entrepreneurs*.

Well, well, well, never have we known a more torrid May, and it has simply made our brains (such as they are) into an omelette. The books seem to pour unceasingly from the presses, and they are all over the table and desk and floor of our cubby-hole in this office. They are too much for us. It is like a surfeit of candy. And when we think that most of the poor little things can never hope to attain more than extremely moderate (to put it mildly) sales figures, it nearly breaks our heart. . . .

Except that they're so in the way, and we're always tripping over them, as we go out and in. Quite snappily got-up, most of them, too. And something for everybody, certainly—something for everybody. But nothing more for us at the moment, if you ask us, in that we already have black spots in front of our eyes and mental indigestion contemplating all the little darlings. Oh for a lodge in that vast wilderness so frequently spoken of. . . . When who should trot up to the door but the postman, with the Book of the Month, the June choice of the Literary Guild, the Book League's latest, the latest candidates of the Catholic Book Club, Free Thought Book Club, and Detective Story Club!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

With 150 Navy planes crossing the sun in water-fowl formation over New York a few days ago, we turned to our shelf of aviation books in order to prolong the thrill that the sight of those flying metal vertebrates always gives us. *The Conquest of the Air*[1] fed our amazement with its brief historical survey of the earliest flying legend of Icarus, Da Vinci's experiments, the early balloon flights, the Wright Brothers, and modern progress in the sky. *The Story of the North Sea Air Station*,[2] with its anecdotes of both German and English combats during the War, surpasses, for us, any fictional story of thrilling adventure that we have come upon. And R. S. Wortley's *Letters from a Flying Officer*[3] continues to be the finest flying book yet written. If you have any fear that the days of chivalry are gone, read this beautiful, vivid narrative of courage written by a man who was in the midst of it. *War in the Air*[4] is the history of it all, detailed, and, unlike the above books, impersonal in its account of flying as a branch of the army. *Elementary Aeronautical Science*[5] presents the elemental technicalities of airplane mechanics and contains helpful diagrams for the amateur flyer. Its practical value is indicated by its use in several of our schools of aviation. *The Book of Airplanes*[6] is primarily an adolescent's book of the progress of the airplane and its construction, but we recommend it to anyone wishing to learn about our greatest 20th century adventure.

* * *

Adventure! If you are in search of an adventure story, a real one, read C. L. Woolley's *Dead Towns and Living Men*.[7] Mr. Woolley wrote the notes for this book to amuse fellow-captives in a Turkish prison camp. He is one of the great living archæologists,[8] and he has found that Arabian, Italian, and Egyptian ruins contain much more hair-raising things than mummies . . . Professor D'Arcy Thompson thinks there is something in the sea-serpent. Some toying porpoises once convinced us that there might be. But we await the further investigations of seafarers and amateur adventurers who follow the suggestions in *Science of the Sea*.[9] This book giv
needful information to those lucky
crats who can close their desks and s
on oceanographic expeditions of thei
It tells them what work they can do for science.

Most of our adventuring is among books. And, like Mr. Ashley Dukes in the theatre, we feel that we have *The World to Play With*.[10] (Incidentally, this book is a fine example of A.D.'s charm and knowledge as a critic of the drama of today.) Our newly acquired copy of the *Concise Dictionary of National Biography*[11] brings to our acquaintance all the important people of our race "from the beginnings to 1921." It is an epitome of the 26 volume *Dictionary of National Biography*,[12] omitting no names but abbreviating the articles. It has already saved us miles of walking to sources of biographic information. And for the reader with any bump of curiosity it is a miracle of useful, ready information.

* * *

We have been charmed with a miscellaneous series of books that is being pulished by Oxford University Press[13] bound variously in blue, wine red, green, fawn and niger morocco and Douglas Cockerell[14] marble paper boards. The titles are among the most worthy in our language to own and have within easy reach on one's book shelves. And, more than many dress editions that we see about these days, they fill Bacon's[15] requirements of the meritorious gift: *e. g.* that "it is better they should be graced with elegancy than daubed with cost." These bindings are beautiful, and they are inexpensive. They contain the complete poems of Donne,[16] Shelley,[17] Keats,[18] Tennyson,[19] Montaigne,[20] and Shakespeare complete,[21] the Oxford Book of English Verse,[22] American Verse,[23] French Verse,[24] German Verse,[25], English Mystical Verse[26] and Eighteenth Century Verse,[27] and Boswell's Life of Johnson, 2 vols.[28] If you wish to see exquisite taste of binding combined with books of permanent value at a modest cost, ask your favorite bookseller to show you these perfect gift editions.

THE OXONIAN.

(1) $1.25. (2) $7.50. (3) $2.50. (4) 2 vols., each $7.50. (5) $2.50. (6) $1.00. (7) $2.00. (8) Read his book, *The Sumerians*, $2.50. (9) **$6.00.** (10) **$2.50.** (11) **$7.00.** (12) $159.00. (13) Address, 114 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. (14) Author of *Some Notes on Bookbinding*, $2.50. (15) Bacon's *Essays* and *Advancement of Learning*, each $.80, in WORLD'S CLASSICS. (16) $7.50. (17) $7.50. (18) $7.50. (19) $7.50. (20) 2 vols. in 1, on India paper, $10.00. (21) $8.50. (22) $8.50. (23) $8.50. (24) $8.50. (25) $8.50. (26) $8.50. (27) $8.50. (28) Each vol., **$7.50.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

A Modest Proposal

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I should like to suggest something that I think would increase the value of our already valuable body of criticism.

As things stand, the reader of reviews is always confronted with the problem of reviewing the reviewer; that is, of estimating his competence and impartiality as a judge. I think that the reader should be provided with as much information as possible about the critic.

Of course, if the reader is himself a critic,—that is, used to detecting the implications of style and substance,—he can often get a rough working-idea of the personality and standards of the reviewer and allow for them in estimating the value of his work. But he can never be quite free from disturbing doubts. Of course, if the critic signs his review, he does something to help the reader who may chance to know anything about him, but something besides a signature is needed, for no one can ever know the life story of all reviewers, who, however competent, are generally obscure.

To supply the need, I should like to see every review preceded by a brief biography of the reviewer. It should tell where he was born, where he was educated (if at all), what his particular form of political or social insanity is, to what "school" of criticism he belongs and whether it has given him a degree, what church he attends, if any, and whether his religious or anti-religious views are tinged with fanaticism. Those questions, as anyone can see, are all crucial. They are all questions, moreover, which the editors who select reviewers ask in their own minds. Obviously the answers would be singularly helpful to the public.

It is doubtless a council of perfection, but further and most important help would be given if to such a brief biographical summary there were appended a succinct psychoanalysis from a competent hand. Someone has written that character is fate; if so, any given review is fatally determined by the character of the reviewer. The principle thus dimly adumbrated is of course, that which informs all modern biography, but why should a truth-seeking public have to wait for the reviewer's death? The information would then be too late to be useful, and besides may never be available at all, since it is a regrettable fact that not all reviewers have their biographies written.

The idea expands as I write. If it were applied not only to reviewers but to authors, the gain would of course, be enormous. I would have every book prefaced with a brief biography and psychoanalysis. I cannot see why any author should object either to biography or to psychoanalysis, even if uncomplimentary, for it would merely anticipate his ultimate fate. For why do men write if not to attract the attention of posterity, whether by their virtues *or* their vices? Attention is plainly what they want. A recent biography by a lady used several pages to discuss why a poet's physician prescribed his use of mercury, yet no one has had his literary ambition killed on that account. And some writers, like M. Gide, for example, anticipating biography, have spoken of their own habits with admirable candor. What I suggest is merely an anticipation of the results of fame,—results that perhaps would not otherwise follow.

Were the suggestion adopted, the result would not be doubtful. If a reader could peruse an author's book with some knowledge of his life and complexes and then read a review of the work with an equally good knowledge of the reviewer's life and complexes, he would have the pleasure of watching the interplay of sympathetic or clashing temperaments, and perhaps also the pleasure of learning some scandalous facts, and certainly could make a much closer approximation to a correct evaluation of the work in question than he can possibly make at present. If the process were carried far enough, and a super-critic—conceivable, but of course not probable—could be found, able to sift, to weigh, and to sum up the evidence and to pronounce judgment on it, we should have,—should we not?—something approaching a scientific verdict scientifically arrived at that, like all science, could tentatively be accepted as truth.

Of course, I recognize the practical difficulties that would beset any attempt to carry out the suggestion with any satisfactory degree of completeness; but I am confident that, at least theoretically, it bears its own recommendation on its face. At any rate, sir, it is made with a certain measure of seriousness. I should like you to send a marked copy of my letter to each of our serious reviews. I ask this service of you because personally, except in the case of your own admirable publication, I have never been able to identify them.

EX-VICTORIAN.

Housman and Hardy

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Has anyone called attention to the striking similarity between the two poems quoted below? Mr. Housman's poem is No. XXVI in his "Last Poems" (1926) and Mr. Hardy's is from his "Time's Laughing Stock" (1909). It is at least a coincidence that Mr. Housman should express a similar thought in the identical meter, with nearly the same choice of words and images.

The half-moon westers low, my love,
And the wind brings up the rain;
And wide apart lie we, my love
And seas between the twain.

I know not if it rains, my love,
In the land where you do lie;
And oh, so sound you sleep, my love,
You know no more than I.

HOUSMAN.

THE DIVISION

Rain on the windows, creaking doors
With blasts that besom the green,
And I am here and you are there
And a hundred miles between.

O were it but the weather, Dear,
O were it but the miles
That make our sum of severance,
There might be room for smiles.

But that thwart thing betwixt us twain,
Which hides, yet reappears,
Is more than distance, Dear, or rain
And longer than the years.

This similarity suggests that Hardy had some influence over Mr. Housman that has not been before noticed. Some of Mr. Housman's poems show the influence of Hardy in their irony. This poem from the "Shropshire Lad" is an example of that irony:

'Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now,
No change though you lie under
The ground you used to plough.

'Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?'

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

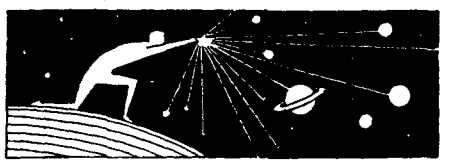
MARGARET WOODBRIDGE.

WHITHER MANKIND?—

asked John Dewey, Havelock Ellis, Bertrand Russell, Lewis Mumford, Emil Ludwig and 12 other famous thinkers and writers.

TOWARD CIVILIZATION

—answers Michael Pupin, Elmer Sperry, Lee De Forest, Robert Millikan, Richard Bach and 11 other famous scientists and inventors.



THE brilliant success of *Whither Mankind* and its challenging criticism of our machine civilization is met with equal brilliance and success in this powerful defense of the Reign of Steel. *Toward Civilization* is truly the book of the hour—the offer of a constructive and hopeful philosophy in a day of despair for man's "mechanized" soul.

The critical and public acclaim of *Toward Civilization* is due not so much to its startling picture of our growing wealth as to its warm human interest, and the fact that it was written by "hardboiled" realists who permitted themselves a moment of idealism. Here is a book everyone will want to read, to live by.

"An important book ... because the question it raises is an increasingly important one."—R. L. Duffus in *New York Times*.

"With this book my fondest hopes come home to roost."
—Stuart Chase in *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

TOWARD CIVILIZATION

Edited by CHARLES A. BEARD
Editor of "WHITHER MANKIND"

Price, $3.00 LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO., NEW YORK

THOMAS CHATTERTON

ESTHER PARKER ELLINGER

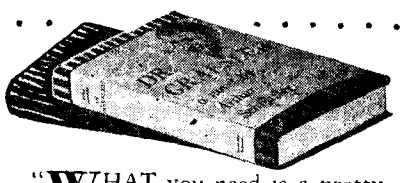
"The Marvelous Boy" of English literature, psychologically considered. After outlining Chatterton's life the author analyzes the motives that provoked his clever forgeries, violent hatreds, and tragic death at 17. *The Exhibition* (1770), never published before in unexpurgated form, is included.

$2.00

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA PRESS, PHILADELPHIA

DOCTOR GRAESLER

Arthur Schnitzler



"WHAT you need is a pretty little wife . . . The lack of a wife is probably the one thing that stands between you and perfection."

So his friend the hotel manager told him when he left for the north last spring. Then had come Sabine, to awaken a sense of romance Doctor Graesler thought had vanished forever . . . And Katharina, whose caprice turned to tragedy . . . Who would be the "pretty little wife" to return south with him when autumn was over?

Bound uniformly with FRAULEIN ELSE, BEATRICE, DAYBREAK, RHAPSODY, etc.

Now ready at all bookstores, $1.50

SIMON *and* SCHUSTER, *Publishers*
386 Fourth Avenue New York

What a place to tone up

COME to Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. Snooze on the Ocean Deck. Breathe the tonic ocean air. Ride. Golf. Play squash. Punch a bag in the gymnasium. Take an all-over sun-bath, or a health-bath under expert supervision.

You will be amazed at your new capacity for food. And a little ashamed of your capacity for sleep.

New Haddon Hall is bright and modern. Here you will find that informality that makes perfect relaxation possible, that air of things well done that produces a sense of perfect well-being. We will be glad to send you more information. There is a Motoramp garage for your convenience.

American and European Plans

Chalfonte-Haddon Hall
ATLANTIC CITY

LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOMEWHERE among these books you should experience the thrill of personal discovery, the joy of finding the kind of book you most want to read!

THE MEMOIRS OF THE COMTE DE GRAMONT

The Comte De Gramont was the Casanova of King Charles II's court—an eminent distinction in a circle of rakes like Buckingham and Rochester. His memoirs read like a novel, are ten times more entertaining—and true in the bargain. He gives a brilliant picture of the gay life at the Court of King Charles, where good taste and good manners were more important than good morals. $5.00

●

THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE

by AXEL MUNTHE

A publishing phenomenon! Published last July, this autobiography has steadily increased its popularity until now, *ten months later*, it is fourth on the national best-seller list compiled from the reports of America's representative bookshops. You, too, will enjoy this book. The *N. Y. Herald-Tribune* calls it "the most fascinating book of the year." *Seventh printing.* $3.75

●

THE INFIDEL EMPEROR

by PAUL WIEGLER

An exciting chronicle of the struggles of the infidel Emperor Frederick the Second against the Popes as the Crusades surged through his country to and from the Holy Land. Frederick warred with everyone and, when excommunicated by the Pope, set off on a private crusade against the Saracens. $5.00

●

THE LOVE POEMS OF JOANNES SECUNDUS

Translated by F. A. WRIGHT
Professor of English at the University of London

An unabridged and unexpurgated edition of these famous love poems, "too pagan for the taste of the Victorians," and now translated for the first time from the Latin. The poems are presented in four groups: "The Kisses," "The Loves," "Occasional Poems," and "The Bridal Night." *A first edition, beautifully bound, jacketed, and boxed.* $5.00

●

THE SKETCH BOOK OF THE LADY SEI SHONAGON

Selected passages from the famous Pillow Sketch Book of Sei Shonagon, favorite lady-in-waiting to a Japanese Empress of the tenth century. She had the rare faculty of elevating gossip into history and comment into wisdom. $1.50

●

The WEATHERHOUSE

by NAN SHEPHERD

"Nan Shepherd, in 'The Quarry Wood,' revealed herself as a novelist of individuality and distinction. Her latest book 'The Weatherhouse' adds considerably to her stature. This captivating story is quite unlike anything done in recent years, but it belongs nevertheless with the finest pictures we have of quiet and provincial life."—*The N. Y. Times.* "There is more Scotland in one page of her book than in all of 'Gallows Orchard'."—*The Outlook.* $2.50

AUNT VIRGINIA UNCLE GEORGE

HAVE YOU MET ANNE GREEN *AND* THE SELBYS?

"Here is a delightful book"

says the *N Y. Times*, "The whole story is rollicking and real, very refreshing and very human."

"We are bound to confess"

remarks Isabel Paterson in the *N. Y Herald Tribune*, "that we like 'The Selbys' much better than any of Julian Green's books. She writes quite as well as her brother and much more to our taste"

"As timely as a copy of Vogue"

says the *Philadelphia Public-Ledger*. "The story races with delicious verve."

"'The Selbys' rises to distinction"

says the *N. Y Sun*, "buoyed up by its very uncommon wit"

THEY have added immeasurably to the mirth of a nation, too long addicted to gloomy novels and soul-searing writings. "Devoted to each other and dedicated to having a good time", "The Selbys" enjoy Paris knowingly but endearingly. Suddenly their sprightly niece, Barbara, breezed in from Georgia. Then the fun begins—and it doesn t end until the last page of this spirited tale

BARBARA
The gay young niece from Georgia

She found the French fascinating, Paris irresistible, her aunt adorable, until love—or was it passion?—led her into as mad and merry an escapade as ever befell an innocent girl adrift in Paris.

"I enjoyed 'The Selbys' hugely"

says F. P. A, "both for its excellent. writing and its witty satire."

"A book of character"

says Stephen Vincent Benet in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, "I doubt very much if the present publishing season will bring forth so thoroughly delightful and unusual a comedy"

"A mirth-provoking surprise"

says the *Philadelphia Enquirer*. "Such writing is rare and thrice welcome."

"A better guide to Paris than Baedeker"

says Howard Vincent O'Brien of the *Chicago News*.

THE SELBYS *by* ANNE GREEN

Popular?—9th printing three weeks after publication!
183 reviews—183 votes for "the gayest book of the season!"
$2.50 everywhere

The Dutton Prize Book for May

MARY GLADSTONE

HER LETTERS AND DIARIES
Edited by LUCY MASTERMAN

Here are the memoirs of Gladstone's daughter that startled England this spring. The New York *Times* has already devoted its leading Sunday editorial to its unusual revelations. Mary Gladstone knew everyone of note in Victorian London. Browning "spit in her face," Tennyson kissed her and was almost a philanderer; Disraeli "was impertinent and vulgar." Her diary is a glittering day-by-day record of that vanished era—an important book. $5.00

THE FOURTH KING

by HARRY STEPHEN KEELER

"Master Mystery Maker"—that's the title critics have given Harry Stephen Keeler for his super-thrillers "Sing-Sing Nights" and "The Amazing Web." "The Fourth King," his new fast-paced, chilling mystery novel, is laid on the shady side of State Street, Chicago, where thirteen kings ruled—until the cards played doom. Guaranteed to keep your wits and your hair on end from the first shot to the last word! $2.00

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc. · *Publishers*
300 FOURTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vol
SEP 17 1930

TEN CENTS A COPY

Edited by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

IF NOT, THEN NOT - - - *By* ALBERT J. NOCK

SHELLEY'S LOST LETTERS TO HARRIET *Reviewed by* H. W. GARROD

THE WEEK-END BOOK *Reviewed by* HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON

THE ROAD TO WILDCAT *Reviewed by* NEWELL NILES PUCKETT

BABBITT AND THE HUMANIST DEBATE *By* MARY M. COLUM

THE SCARAB MURDER CASE *Reviewed by* EUGENE REYNAL

BYSTANDER - - - *Reviewed by* ALEXANDER KAUN

POOR NIGGER - - *Reviewed by* BASIL DAVENPORT

JOHN MISTLETOE *By* CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

COMMON STOCKS AND THE AVERAGE MAN
Reviewed by MYRON M. STRAIN

Volume VI • New York, Saturday, May 24, 1930 • Number 44

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The human drama of four centuries

THE POWER AND SECRET OF THE JESUITS

BY RENÉ FÜLÖP-MILLER

At last a modern-minded scholar with an unusual skill for narrative has written a true and unbiased account of the great and powerful world organization. René Fülöp-Miller, a non-Catholic author, has succeeded in unravelling the essential significance of Jesuitism, its secret and power for good, its exalted ideas as well as its great errors. Four hundred years of world history pass before the reader like a brilliantly directed motion picture.

The same author's earlier success, *Rasputin*, is no more exciting than the stories of the great missionaries and adventurers, popes and kings, brahmins and redskins, philosophers, saints and sinners depicted in this volume. It is at once a history, a story of civilization and a biography of some of the greatest figures the world has ever known.

143 magnificent illustrations, 240,000 words, 544 pages, beautifully printed and bound, at the amazingly low price of $5.00

It is being hailed by the writers, the critics, the clergy of all denominations, and the lay readers of two continents, among them Jacob Wassermann, Maurice Maeterlinck, Michael Williams, Father Friedrich Muckermann, Bruno Frank, Paul Claudel, John B. Watson, Selma Lagerlof, Harry Hansen and Gerhart Hauptmann.

"Greatly conceived and nobly executed studies."

—LUDWIG LEWISOHN

THREE MASTERS

BALZAC, DICKENS, DOSTOEFFSKY

BY STEFAN ZWEIG

"It seems to me a really creative book and far more than a mere literary criticism. It is so original, so informed with direct, dynamic vigor and rushing spiritual energy . . . A book of wide and permanent value. —GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

"So much knowledge, such close thinking, prose so elaborately and beautifully wrought. It is all magnificent."—LUDWIG LEWISOHN. "A brilliant and exciting book . . . penetrating, suggestive, memorably and profoundly revealing."—*New York Times.* "Zweig has brought forth in his persuasive and warm prose many new varieties, many thrilling perspectives."—*New York Herald Tribune. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul.* $3.00

Recent Outstanding Viking Books

AMERICA LOOKS ABROAD

THE NEW ECONOMIC HORIZONS

by PAUL M. MAZUR

Author of "American Prosperity"

"A penetrating analysis of the economic drift of the United States with special reference to its effect on Europe. It is a combination of philosophy and practice which will serve well those who make history and those who merely read it."—CHARLES A. BEARD. $4.00

MOGREB-EL-ACKSA

A JOURNEY IN MOROCCO

by R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

One of the great adventure and travel books in the English language. Joseph Conrad called it "a continuous delight," G. B. Shaw praised it highly. William Beebe says "he takes Arabian Nights' characters and makes them living flesh and blood." Introduction by Edward Garnett. A National Travel Club Book. $3.50

ELLA

by ELISABETH WILKINS THOMAS

"An exquisite piece of work," says Dorothy Canfield of this first novel, which casts a spell of beauty over the story of a young girl and her first encounters with the world of men and women. $2.50

KINDNESS IN A CORNER

by T. F. POWYS

"Nothing must be allowed to happen to this book till all of you have read it, roared over it, giggled and wept over the gardener's daughter, and savored generally its teeming armory of joys." —*The Book-of-the-Month Club News.* $2.50

The VIKING PRESS

18 *East* 48*th Street*

NEW YORK

The literary achievement of the year

THE GREAT MEADOW

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

As the Spring season of publishing draws to a close one book emerges as the outstanding literary achievement. As Harry Hansen says in *The World* "it is like a lovely Aubusson carpet among the grass rugs of contemporary fiction," and *The New York Times* writes "This book is the stuff of which enduring literature is made. It will have its place among the American classics."

"The wilderness love-story, with its tense anxiety and its dramatic climax . . . is not heavy as most books of the sort, but exciting and alive and easy to read."—*Scribner's Magazine.* Don't miss this fine novel of enduring love and of the conquest of Kentucky by our forefathers during the stormy days of the American Revolution. $2.50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED